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Revolt in Poznan and the Thaw

► THE POZNAN events confirmed the suspicion that some commentators have been trying to shun, that the thaw meant no more than a degree of purely formal freedom to think within strictly defined limits. The situation of post-Stalinist Soviet Russia and her European satellites can be indeed compared with what happened in Russia after the accession to the throne of czar Alexander II in 1855. Now as then the system itself was not changed, but people were presumably allowed to "think aloud." The surge of public criticism in Poland in the last year or two bears out this thesis. Wherever the "discussion" reached—into cultural, political, or economic spheres—it was restrained sooner or later. For the purpose of this criticism was merely to help the cause of the regime by creating a favorable impression abroad. Was Wazyk's renowned "Poem for Adults" a piece of "constructive socialist criticism"? Certainly not, for this outstanding product of cultural thaw was bitter in its disillusionment and realism. So Wazyk was duly censored and his poem denounced as "wrong from beginning to end".

For some time Polish Communist Party bosses have been worrying about the wrong direction in which the freedom to criticize has been drifting. The new Party boss Edward Ochab complained in an article published in *Pravda* on April 29 that the new freedom to criticize is being abused and the Party is thereby suffering. Zenon Nowak, First Vice-Premier, in a speech of May 29 affirmed that the wave is criticism is sweeping the country and threatened punishment to all those who under the guise of "discussion" would berate and enfeeble the Party. Constructive criticism has to be phrased in sycophantic terms. The thaw was not intended to give more scope to the new kind of freedom.

The economic causes of the Poznan strike were reflected in endless discussions over wages taking place in Poland since last March. Numerous meetings which were held to deliberate on the Twentieth Communist Party Congress in the Soviet Union also dealt with the question of higher wages and better living and working conditions. In an announcement of April 6 Ochab promised to increase the current wage fund by 5 milliard zlotys. The wage reform was expected to increase the wages of 3,400,000 workers (both manual and white-collar) out of a total labor force of 6.5 million, and to enforce a minimum monthly wage of 500 zl. In practice, however, the sum of 5 milliard zlotys proved insufficient, and as the amounts of money given to particular teams of workers could

not be increased and still the requirement of a minimum 500 zl. had to be met, the difference was simply paid out of the pockets of other workers whose earnings were higher than the minimum.

The ZiSPo (Stalin Works in Poznan) workers put forward their own special grievances: repayment of taxes for their participation in "socialist competition," payment of full bonuses to white collar workers, increase of piece work rates, and re-calculation of working "norms." But they had no intention of starting an uprising. The way the strike developed shows this clearly. The marchers evinced no rebellious intentions. Initially they were not even armed but the use of tanks and guns by the regime had aroused them. There was no fighting before the U.B. (security police) detachments fired on the strikers. The responsibility for the massacre which cost several hundred casualties—several times more than the official figures indicated—lies entirely with the regime.

However close the relationship between the thaw and the events in Poznan may seem, it should not be thought that the revolt occurred because the conditions of the thaw made it easier to organize a demonstration. Rather it was an attempt on the part of the regime to gain control over forces that have been getting out of hand.

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Current Comment

Commonwealth and Common Sense

A paradox frays with excessive use and the cliché is a sign of mental inertia. The Commonwealth is neither frayed nor moribund, but the textual front it shows to the rest of the world is enough to strike dismay and morbid wonderings into the minds of its firmest friends. Its unity in diversity, its agreement to disagree, its unity of attitude and difference of policy, its meetings that glory in the absence of agenda and vagueness of report, though they "take pride," "note with satisfaction," "respect aspirations" and, in that noble refrain of the Commonwealth litany, "persist in the search for a just and lasting settlement of outstanding international problems"—all this is dispiriting diplomacy. It does nothing, as the "Economist" says, but "put an absurd little cart in front of a perfectly healthy horse."

The Gold Coast will soon be a member; Malaya expects to be in by August '57; Singapore would like to be there sooner. The Caribbean Federation is well on the way. If Nigeria can overcome the problems of the Northern region at its constitutional conference this month, it will be a pressing candidate. Although the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland is fixed in its ways for the next five years, it looks forward to a different relationship.

With all this to come, could not the representatives of 600,000,000 people give us a paragraph on the imaginative concern they must have for the future of this expanding comity of nations?

The Commonwealth, with all its goodwill, mutual tolerance, its 'inheritance of ordered liberty' and the general respect for parliamentary democracy, must now clearly be ready to move to another stage in its growth and we might expect a lead in this discussion from a Prime Ministers' conference. Just as developing democracy applies itself to the problem of protecting minorities and reducing underprivilege, so should an association of states committed to the same democratic purpose, pursue the same course. Does that not mean that the Commonwealth must proclaim and pursue the policy of racial equality? It is now skirting round the need to take a stand on this fundamental human right. The secession of South Africa would be a blow to the whole Commonwealth idea as it has so far grown. But, with an overwhelming preponderance of colored peoples, with African and Asian candidates at its door, the choice between South Africa and the rest of Africa and Asia is not a hard one to make. It is not at all certain that a policy of apartheid would stand as strongly as it does now under the debated connivance of the Commonwealth in conference.

And what of the principle involved in the idea of Maltese membership of the British House of Commons? The possibility that other colonies whose size, economy or position are impediments to independence might find political fulfillment as constituencies of other states of the Commonwealth is a stirring one. A hint in their communiqués that the PMs have considered this alternative to permanent subordination or eventual revolt would move us and many colonial peoples to a livelier concern for the future of the Commonwealth.

Nehru has called it a "cooperative association which may do good." In practical terms the Colombo plan is a fine example. But there is much more to be done by way of cooperative action. Some have suggested more coordinated activity in the realm of scientific research and in the wide open field of university work where a great deal more cross-

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pollination could take place than is to be seen now under the aegis of conferences of vice-chancellors and presidents and stray exchange arrangements.

There are many such positive possibilities, whether in terms of political relationships or more day-to-day matters, where the Commonwealth is ready to become more self-conscious in its scope and purpose and we have a right to expect a lead from the top. Whether it is to be mainly monarchical or republican, defensible or baseless, whether its centre stays in London or moves eventually to Delhi or to Ottawa, its future could be a matter of color and excitement for its members. It is the duty of its Prime Ministers to show it to be so and not to concentrate on confidence and understanding in their inner councils while the rest of us keep going on a diet of platitudes and a vision of bonhomie. G. H.

The Speaker

The Liberal government has often been accused of expediency and compromise but if any further proof was needed, it is now evident in the sad story of the Speaker. After having abused parliamentary tradition by making use of the Speaker to rush the pipeline bill through for them (and this is no exaggeration) the government has now decided that it is best to avoid any additional discussion of its sins by refusing to allow the Speaker to resign. The Prime Minister has attempted to brazen out a hopeless case, and in doing so he has discredited himself as a parliamentarian and a fair-minded man.

In the first place it is not the prime minister's function to decide whether a Speaker should resign or stay—the Speaker is, of course, a servant of the House, not of the government—and only an administration like the present cabinet who can rationalize almost anything if it is to their own political advantage could believe it was.

The tragedy of the whole sordid pipeline-Speaker débâcle is that it reveals clearly that most of the men who govern us either know little about parliamentary government or care less. They conceive apparently, like C. D. Howe, that government is only a matter of getting things done, and that traditions such as the impartiality of the Speaker can be overridden when they get in the way. The Prime Minister, who has posed as a great parliamentarian and a fine old gentleman of the trustworthy "Uncle Louie" type, seems to have been drawn into this camp. How else can one explain his decision on the Speaker? Or his extraordinary view that a letter written by Mr. Speaker claiming that the Opposition had "falsified the facts for their own political ends" was not sufficiently grave to disqualify His Honour from presiding impartially over the House? Or his absurd legal quibble that because the Speaker had only announced publicly his resignation without taking formal steps to effect it, he had not really resigned?

Statements like these make nonsense of constitutional practices and honourable actions and it is a disgrace that the Prime Minister has sunk to the level of uttering them.

As for Mr. Beaudoin, he has become a pitiful figure. A Speaker who can say, "I place now my resignation before the house to take effect at the pleasure of the house . . . This is my farewell speech", and a week later carry on in the office because the prime minister asks him to is not to be taken seriously.

By what stretch of the imagination can Mr. Beaudoin possibly conceive that as Speaker of the House of Commons he is supposed to serve the government of the day rather than the whole House? On November 12, 1953, making his initial remarks after being appointed Speaker, Mr. Beaudoin knew what his duty was: "My dear colleagues, it is my duty

. . . to exercise impartiality and fairness and protect the rights of every individual member [of this house] . . . whose servant I am." Did he do that in the pipeline debate? Did he do that when he wrote his famous letter? Did he do that when he resigned "at the pleasure of the house" and came back—at the pleasure of the prime minister? What a ridiculous performance! And a dereliction of duty. It is safe to say that if the Speaker has not the confidence of every member of the House he cannot perform his function. There is no question of "minority" or "majority rule" (the issue the Prime Minister tried to raise) when it comes to the Speaker. He is either an impartial chairman and regarded as such by *all* the House, or he is not a suitable Speaker. And Mr. Beaudoin is not. That is all there is to it.

The impartiality of the Speaker has been a recognized constitutional principle in Britain for over a century. He is chosen from the less partisan sections of the back benches with the support of all parties and by the unanimous election of the House. He then cuts what party ties he has had and settles down to the job for a lifetime. In Canada we still wallow in the wretched state of colonial mind in which we claim to follow the British parliamentary tradition while doing the opposite. Our Speakers alternate between French and English-speaking incumbents who hold office during only one parliament. They are nominated by the government (Beaudoin was the first to be seconded by the Leader of the Opposition) and are chosen from the ranks of aspiring supporters who look on the post as a political gift, a stepping stone to better things. Beaudoin is a former vice president of the National Liberal Federation and a prospective cabinet minister. His predecessor, Ross Macdonald, is now the Solicitor General and leader of the government in the Senate. Lemieux was appointed to the Senate, Fauteux to be Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, Casgrain to the bench and Glen to the cabinet. If the Speaker offends the government, his advancement may stop. In this situation a Canadian Speaker walks a tightrope between eminence and oblivion. But a strong man devoted to his office can always try to be impartial and have the courage of his convictions. There is no rule against resigning.

Whether or not we shall ever convert our Speaker in practice into something resembling his British counterpart is an open question. If the Opposition were to come to power tomorrow, they might run the risk in a burst of righteous enthusiasm. But it is more than doubtful that the Liberals will take the chance in view of recent events and their apparent disinterest in parliamentary welfare. The more's the pity, for on occasion Canadian party leaders have spoken favourably of the idea. Mr. St. Laurent might savour Sir Wilfrid Laurier's words in 1909: "This [British] custom . . . has produced in the British House of Commons the highest measure of efficiency in Mr. Speaker. For my part I have often regretted that we have not adopted such a rule in Canada."

P. W. F.

The Two Solitudes

At Montreal in June, under the aegis of the Learned Societies,¹ a meeting of two solitudes was held. Behind a veneer of bilingualism and official bonhomie, the depressing fact of incompatibility between Canadian and *Canadien* was made transparently clear. Difference of language and cultural background was as usual the basic premise for misunderstanding. A new twist was given by the thesis that relationships between the two races are historically predetermined to be forever those of *vainqueur* and *vaincu*.

¹See Robert McCormack's article, "The Meetings of the Learned Societies," in the July issue of *The Forum*.

An analysis of literary interchanges gave negative results: English-Canadian writing was considered foreign by most French-Canadians but was less well known than British or American literature; on the other hand, the influence of French Canada on English-Canadian literature was negligible, even for writers living in the province of Quebec. Having described the lack of rapport between the two cultures, most speakers gave their blessing to the ill-matched pair with polite wishes for a successful marriage. Brave sentiments, if sincere.

From a non-combatant viewpoint several observations could be made. First, that bitterness and resentment, when exposed frankly in meetings such as this, were less unhealthy than when repressed. But second, that hostility between the two racial groups was probably not so strong or so universal as the militant, vocal few insisted. Many, perhaps the majority, of the delegates were forced to take sides in a quarrel between two embattled factions whose grievances they did not share. Moreover, members of both camps in the vocal minority had more in common than they would admit. In the question of artistic development, for instance, it was scarcely necessary to point out that there was little mutual interest between French and English when the main problem was that each group faced a common public apathy at home. Finally it was obvious that more would have been accomplished by ignoring past failures in understanding than by analysing them; by welcoming difference than by boggling at it.

At Stratford in July, under the auspices of the Shakespearean Festival Foundation, a bolder approach to the problem of inter-racial relations was much more successful. A French-Canadian minority, making no concessions to the English majority, won understanding and admiration on their own terms. Led by volatile Guy Hoffman, *Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde* proved to an audience as unfamiliar with the language as with the Molière tradition that, given the right spirit and the right medium, the barriers between the two races dissolved, although the differences remained. To compare the unanimous applause which greeted the players at Stratford with the desultory questions which followed the analytical papers at Montreal left no doubt which was the better method to stimulate curiosity and sympathy between the two races. At Stratford, with Canadians and *Canadiens* playing side by side in Shakespeare and Molière, the total cultural potential of our country was revealed. Here the "two solitudes" appeared in a different and stronger relationship—more like the one Rilke described when he wrote: "Love consists in this: that two solitudes protect and touch and greet each other."

PHILIP STRATFORD

Canadian Calendar

- Canadian newsprint production during May at 550,525 tons was 5.6 percent above the 521,322 tons turned out in May last year.

- The Stratford Shakespearean Festival began its fourth season on June 18 with a performance of *Henry V*, which was notable for the cooperation of English-Canadian and French-Canadian actors, the latter representing the French nobles in the play.

- The Progressive-Conservative Government of New Brunswick gained one seat and increased its popular vote in the provincial election on June 18.

- Shipments of primary shapes by Canadian steel mills rose in March to 380,994 tons from 290,440 in the same month last year. The January-March total was 1,045,116 tons compared to 742,144 in the similar period in 1955.

- Dividend payments by Canadian firms for the first six months of 1956 are 14 percent ahead of the same period last year at a record high of \$335,968,058.

- Cash income received by Canadian farmers in the first three months of 1956 rose about 11 per cent over the same period last year. Increases occurred in all provinces except Prince Edward Island and Ontario. The increase was nearly 50 per cent in Saskatchewan.

- The Canadian steel industry produced in May 446,684 tons of steel ingots, an increase of 20.1 per cent over May 1955. For the first five months of 1956 cumulative production of steel ingots amounted to 2,116,472 tons, an increase of 22.5 per cent over the first five months of 1955.

- Canada imported a record \$345,000,000 in new capital in the first three months of 1956 to finance an overall trade deficit in goods and services which doubled under the impact of Canada's economic boom.

- Hundreds of artifacts showing human habitation from the Laurentian Period—nearly 10,000 years ago—and the time of the Mound Builders have been found on a farm near Belleville, Ontario. The farm has been declared a historical site by the Federal Government.

- The Union Nationale party led by Premier Duplessis was returned for its fourth consecutive term with an increased majority in the Quebec provincial election on June 20. Union Nationale—72; Liberal—19; Independent—1.

- H. R. MacMillan, B.C. lumberman, told the National American Wholesale Lumber Association convention at Vancouver that U.S. investors are buying out Canadian business resources on an increasing plane.

- The capital inflow into Canada in the first quarter of the year was \$88,000,000.

- Wholesale business in Canada for the first four months of the year was up 16 per cent from the same period in 1955.

- According to Trade Minister Howe the volume of wheat being moved for export has never been as great as it is now. On June 6, he said, the exports of wheat and flour since the start of the crop year had been equal to 215,000,000 bushels, an increase of 29,000,000 bushels above exports at the same date in 1955.

- Total sales to dealers of TV sets in Canada declined farther in April. Sets sold totalled 24,362 against 30,721 in April 1955.

- Canada will contribute a maximum of \$20,000,000 towards construction of a new hydro-electric project on the Kundah River in Madras, India.

- Healey Willan, dean of Canadian composers, has received in London the Lambeth Doctorate of Music, an honor never before conferred upon a person from outside the United Kingdom.

- René Beaudoin, speaker of the House of Commons, stated on July 2 that he intended to resign his office.

- At May 21, the end of the first two months of the current fiscal year, the Government had a surplus of \$274,200,000—almost exactly double what it had at the same time last year.

- The premiers of Canada's four Atlantic provinces, met in Fredericton on July 9 and decided to establish a permanent organization by which to press their claims on the rest of Canada for a better deal in national development.

● Canada's foreign trade deficit hit a five-month record of \$484,200,000 in the January-May period as imports out-paced exports.

● Transport Controller Roy W. Milner will become the next chief of the Board of Grain Commissioners, it was disclosed on July 6.

● On July 5 H. W. Herridge (CCF, Kootenay West) revealed to the House of Commons long-forgotten reports of the first Canadian Arctic Expedition in 1903-04 when official possession of Ellesmere and Southampton Islands was taken on behalf of the Canadian Government, this constituting its claim to the Canadian Arctic.

● On July 11 Prime Minister St. Laurent stated that the Canadian Government has decided to reject an application from Israel to purchase Canadian-built jet fighter aircraft.

● On July 13 it was announced in Bonn, Germany and confirmed in Ottawa that Canada would help rearm West Germany by giving her — free — 75 Sabre jet-fighters worth \$35,700,000.

● Canada's national savings amounted to \$5,100,000,000 in 1955, a rise of \$1,000,000,000 over 1954.

● Canadian corporation profits climbed 28 per cent to the record total of \$728,000,000 in the first three months of 1956, a gain of \$158,000,000 over the \$570,000,000 in the first quarter of 1955.

● Business failures in Canada rose to 2,446 in 1955 from 2,278 in 1954, 1,786 of them occurred in Quebec (compared with 1,645 in 1954).

● Contract awards for construction in Canada in the first half of 1956 were at a record high and 20 per cent ahead of the same period of 1955. The first-half total this year was \$1,615,529,700, a gain of \$275,515,400 on the same period last year.

● Food prices jumped sharply during May boosting living costs to a near high. The price index jumped by 1.2 points—the highest monthly increase in 5 years boosting the cost-of-living yardstick to 117.8 from 116.6. The index was just two-fifths of a point below the record of 118.2 of December, 1951.

● Owing to weather conditions a crop loss of \$100,000,000 is forecast for Ontario this year, according to the Department of Agriculture of the province.

● Saskatchewan's economic pulse quickened perceptibly in June with the outflow of export wheat and the inflow of cash.

The Union Nationale Returns to Power

► ON JUNE 20 LAST Mr. Maurice Duplessis' Union Nationale Party, which has been the dominant force in Quebec politics ever since 1944, was once more returned to power. The party even strengthened its position slightly, as it was successful in capturing seventy-two seats as compared with the sixty-eight it had held in the previous legislature. The strength of the Liberal opposition on the other hand was cut from twenty-three to twenty seats. Although the total number of seats held by each party did not change



appreciably, a close examination of the distribution of the popular vote in different sections of the province indicates that there has been some change in the nature of the socio-economic groups supporting each party. The Liberals lost some ground to the Union Nationale in the working class districts of Montreal and Quebec City, and in some of the industrial towns of the Eastern Townships. The party succeeded, however, in picking up some strength in the subsistence farming areas of the Eastern Townships and the Lower St. Lawrence, as well as in the mining areas of North-Western Quebec.

The ability of the Union Nationale to not only maintain its strength in the legislature, but even to increase it to some extent, came as a surprise to most political observers as they had anticipated that the Liberals, who waged the most vigorous electoral campaign since the early forties, would at least pick up an additional ten or twelve seats. Mr. Georges Lapalme, the Liberal leader, had the full support and financial assistance of the federal Liberals. In addition, shortly before the election, he had succeeded in forming an alliance with two other important groups in the province who were equally opposed to the Union Nationale regime. One of these groups was the radical nationalists associated with the Montreal daily, *Le Devoir*, and including a veteran nationalist, René Chalout, the other was the social creditor group, who travel under the name of "The Union of Electors" in Quebec. Both groups had for some time been critical of the conservative nationalism of Mr. Duplessis, and his close alliance with the American industrialists exploiting the natural resources of the province. During the month preceding the election, Mr. Lapalme, as leader of "the forces of the opposition", as they called themselves, visited every part of the province attacking the Union Nationale for its generous concessions to the industrialists, its anti-labor policies, and its wasteful spending and misuse of public funds. He promised, that if elected to office, he would enact a comprehensive programme of social, electoral and administrative reform. In spite of all these efforts, however, as the election results indicate, the majority of Quebec voters continued to retain their confidence in Mr. Duplessis.

Turning now to the question of the meaning and significance of Mr. Duplessis' latest victory, it would appear that there were three basic factors underlying the success of his party. First of all, the fight for provincial autonomy and opposition to federal centralization continues to be the dominant issue in Quebec politics. As this writer has pointed out in previous articles in the *Canadian Forum*, the government of the province of Quebec is the only one in Canada which the French-Canadians control, and where they can enact the type of legislation which conforms to their cultural values and their interests, as they see them. For that reason they are vigorously opposed to the surrender of any legislative or taxing powers to the federal authority. It is quite logical, therefore, that they should continue to support Mr. Duplessis as the staunchest defender of provincial autonomy, and the outstanding opponent of any increase in the powers of the federal government.

The second important factor in the Union Nationale victory was that, in spite of Mr. Duplessis' anti-labor policies, the different central labor organizations, and particularly the C.T.C.C. (Catholic syndicates), for the most part refused to become involved or take sides in the election. This was in sharp contrast to the active participation of the C.T.C.C. in the election of 1952 when its intervention resulted in the election of some half dozen Liberal candidates. Although the bitter opposition of the leaders of the Catholic syndicates to the Union Nationale is well known, the only action taken in the present election was the issuing of a statement out-

lining a list of reforms which candidates of all parties were asked to support. The largest and most conservative group of unions in the province, those affiliated with the old Trades and Labor Congress, followed their traditional policy of strict neutrality as between different parties and candidates. This did not prevent several individual trade union leaders in this group from coming out publicly in support of the Union Nationale. The only central labor organization to give its official support to a particular party was the Quebec section of the former Canadian Congress of Labor. The leaders of the C.C.L. urged their members to support the candidates of the Social Democratic Party (C.C.F.) wherever possible, but at all costs to vote against the Union Nationale. The results of the voting in most working class districts indicate that very few of the rank and file unionists followed the advice of their leaders. The whole attitude of the trade unionists in this election strongly suggests that while Quebec may have a large working class, there is as yet very little class consciousness.

The third, and increasingly important factor underlying the strength of the Union Nationale in Quebec, is that the party's control over the provincial administration and provincial treasury, enables it to spend large sums of public money for strictly partisan purposes. In passing the yearly budget the government's vast majority in the legislature votes the money for many government departments in fairly large lump sums, with each minister being given a wide area of discretionary power as to how the money is to be spent—discretionary power which would not be tolerated in the federal legislature. The various ministries then proceed to make grants of money to municipal councils and school commissions for buildings or other public works, but usually on the strict condition that the members of these public bodies adopt a friendly attitude toward the party. Government expenditure on colonization projects, roads, bridges, or farm relief in a particular district, is dependent on whether that district voted for or against the government party at the last election. A town or city which is careless enough to give most of its support to opposition candidates invariably finds that it is cut off from practically all expenditure of public money for the next four years. An excellent illustration of this misuse of public money for partisan purposes occurred in the present election, when Mr. Duplessis made it quite clear to the voters of the electoral district of St. Maurice that if they wanted government assistance in the building of a badly needed bridge in the district they must vote for the Union Nationale candidate. In the face of these tactics, it is obvious that an opposition party like the Liberals, which has no public money to distribute, is at a tremendous disadvantage in any electoral contest.

One of the most important results of the Union Nationale's victory has been its devastating effect on the morale of the Liberal party. After waging such a vigorous campaign, party leader George Lapalme was apparently quite disheartened by the election results. Immediately after the election he was ready to resign as party leader, but was prevailed upon by a few of his close associates to remain at his post until a party convention is held in the Fall. At that time, the party will probably select a new leader. The immediate future of the Liberals does not, however, look too promising. There appears to be little possibility of dislodging Mr. Duplessis unless either of two things happen: one, a serious business depression resulting in economic unrest which would relegate the autonomy issue to the background, or secondly, a split in the powerful Union Nationale organization. Unfortunately for the Liberals there seems to be little likelihood of either eventuality occurring in the near future.

HERBERT F. QUINN

The Saskatchewan Election: An Analysis

Alvin Hamilton

► THE SASKATCHEWAN ELECTION was a Pyrrhic victory for all political parties. The results, viewed superficially, seem encouraging to the CCF, Liberals, and Social Credit. Even the Conservatives take masochistic satisfaction in their defeat. However, closer examination of the results leads to some interesting speculations and the unavoidable conclusion that any more victories like this one would be the end.

First of all the general statistics tell of province-wide trends that must terrify the victors. The CCF won 35 seats on the basis of incomplete returns. On the surface it is a clear majority and a mandate to govern for another four or five years. Election night was one of jubilation, but never did jubilation end so quickly!

The popular vote for the CCF, over the province, was down from 54 per cent in 1952 to 45 per cent in 1956. In 41 rural ridings in 1952 the CCF received 50.7 per cent of the vote. In 1956 this had dropped to 39.0 per cent. In round figures rural candidates averaged 3500 votes in 1952, but only 2600 in 1956, for an average loss of 900 votes per rural seat. This loss was in every seat ranging from 100 votes in Rosthern to 1500 in Weyburn, the home constituency of the premier.

Nor was this trend confined to the rural areas. In Regina the CCF vote was down 5000, in Saskatoon down 3000, and in Moose Jaw there was a decline of approximately 2000. In percentage this was less than in the rural areas, but it was equal in all cities which are considered the bastions of the CCF.

The Liberals scored gains on the surface. They lost three seats to the Social Credit and gained seven from the CCF. But the votes tell another story. In 47 seats the Liberal vote declined, in 5 it held firm. Their popular vote dropped from 39 per cent in 1952 to 31 per cent in 1956. This is a decline of 8 per cent as compared to the CCF drop of 9 per cent.

The Liberal vote suffered more in the cities but the rural areas showed the same trend. In 1952 the rural vote was 42.2 per cent and 1956 was 35.5 per cent or an average loss of 600 per seat. This decline like the CCF decline was all over the province.

The Social Credit vote came from 4 per cent in 1952 to reach the percentage figure of 23.2 per cent in rural areas and 21 per cent over the whole province in 1956. This gain is worth investigating.

In the previous Social Credit invasion of 1938 the party received 16 per cent of the vote and elected two members. Then it disappeared. This time, with a tremendous army of organizers, speakers and a fantastic publicity program they put on what seemed to their opponents a circus-like campaign with emphasis on the band-wagon appeal. The boom reached its peak some ten days before the election, and then a strong reaction set in. The CCF forgot its complacency and fought back savagely with cries of Fascist, Big Business, etc. The Liberal newspapers went into action against Social Credit. The *Leader-Post* (most anti-CCF paper in the province) even advised its readers that the CCF would give good government, and by inference said, "if you can't vote Liberal vote CCF." The Conservatives with their feeble voice, warned against being fooled again.

When the votes were counted, some 22 constituencies had a strong Social Credit vote. Mostly these were in the north and east, but no clear cut observation could be made on the basis of geography. But two-thirds of these areas had a significant similarity. They were once strong Conservative centres.

An extreme example is Lumsden, a rural seat around Regina and Moose Jaw. In 1952 this riding voted CCF 2,642; Liberal 1,703; PC 1,521; SC 157. In 1956 it went CCF 2,108; Liberal 1,683; PC 333; SC 1,447.

A more typical case concerns the constituencies of Kinistino and Melfort-Tisdale. These two provincial ridings make up a major part of the old Melfort federal constituency, which in 1945 gave 6,000 votes to a Conservative candidate. Provincially the Conservatives have not contested these seats except in 1952 in Melfort-Tisdale. Now look at these figures:

1952				
	CCF	Liberal	SC	PC
Kinistino	4,186	2,949	—	—
Melfort-Tisdale	4,602	3,254	—	1,106
	8,788	5,203	—	1,106
1956				
	CCF	Liberal	SC	PC
Kinistino	2,888	1,672	1,844	—
Melfort-Tisdale	3,496	1,249	2,905	—
	6,384	2,921	4,749	—
Change	-2,400	-2,300	+4,700	-1,100

It isn't hard to see what happened. Frustrated Conservatives had divided in the past by voting CCF and Liberal, but this time they thought they could achieve success behind Social Credit. It failed. Whether they stay Social Credit is purely a matter of circumstances. Will the British Columbia Social Credit movement continue to pour finances and manpower into Saskatchewan? Will the three elected members of the Social Credit party give leadership in the legislature?

Finally we come to the Progressive Conservative party. A poverty-stricken minority party, it suffered calamitous defeat. All it has is the satisfaction that their policies were admitted editorially (by the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix*) to be the "most bold, forward-looking" of any presented to the province. It had one top-notch member in the legislature. But running with only nine candidates in the hope of widening its toe-hold in the legislature into a beach-head, it gave way before the Social Credit drive for all-out victory.

Therefore we arrive at the following conclusions. The Liberal vote continues downward. The CCF solid vote for the first time drastically declined. The Social Credit movement stepped into the vacuum but has no solid base for policies or leadership on which to build for the future. The Progressive Conservatives seem to be broken provincially and can only be saved by a trend toward the Conservative party nationally.

Finally there is the question of principles. The CCF party is dividing on a fundamental point. While CCF workers at conventions were pledging the party to continued support of the Regina Manifesto to eradicate capitalism, the CCF premier was speaking about eradicating only the "evils of capitalism." The rank and file of Saskatchewan are not socialist, but the dedicated workers of the CCF are. To win elections the party leaders advocate the bringing in of capitalist industries, but the work-horses of the party want more socialism. The battle between the two forces will be interesting.

The Liberal party fought the election better than usual by sticking to provincial issues. But it still refused to separate itself from the federal party which is very unpopular. Because of this the party lost 25 per cent of its support. The quarrel between the anti-Gardiner Liberals and those that control the party was hushed up during the election. Now that there are four more Liberal seats it looks as though it will be more difficult for the anti-Gardiner forces, which recognize the reason for their party's decline, to raise any protests. Much will depend on the attitude of the Liberal M.L.A.'s in the next four years.

The Social Credit party in Saskatchewan, as it presently exists, is heterogeneous. The Old Originals are believers in Douglas' monetary theories. The new recruits were recently supporters of other parties. They have no policy for Saskatchewan, except victory. They have no provincial leader and rely heavily on outside organizers as spokesmen. But they do have one asset which strikes fear into the hearts of all other parties. They threaten to fulfill the deep need in western Canada, a single party that can give a united voice in national affairs. If they can work out policies that express Western opinion, if they can get leadership, the Social Credit party might well repeat the story of the Progressive movement in 1921. However no able person, so far, has succumbed to their offers of leadership. In fact, among the intellectuals of the province, there is downright revulsion to the Social Credit.

Therefore the CCF, Liberals, and Social Credit party cry victory, but each must know that the decisions to be made are frightening in their implications. In many ways it was a Pyrrhic victory.

Next year a federal election is expected. All parties will run full slates. This time neither the Social Credit nor the CCF will have any chance of changing the government at Ottawa. The victory band-wagon will not roll for either party. The results in Saskatchewan should indicate which way the strong anti-Liberal trend will move.

A Lost Clearing

► IT HAD BEEN the hottest May in the township's records, yet Noah Harms was plowing this morning for a potato planting in his fallow lot. Thinking of her husband's seventy years, Laura Harms had pleaded with him against such effort, but Noah was stubborn and somewhat deaf to boot. Neighbors called him a "seeker" and there was something in his eyes that went beyond ordinary boundaries. Tall, lean, grizzled as a silver birch, he spanked the mare with the reins and lurched bareheaded behind her. The sun, working against him, walked the other way in a new furrow.

"Whoa, Gip. Pull, damn thee, pull!"

Something snagged the colter, which was dull, rusted, fit only for soft ground. Bending down, Noah touched a boulder bigger than his head, with a long shank to it. He threw the reins upon Gip's flanks, tugged the colter free, and snatched irritably at the boulder. Of course it didn't budge, and the sun turned upon Noah, blazing.

"Christmas!" he swore, but the heat was no matrix for such language. "Christmas, come away!"

It was Noah who came away first, toppling sideways, feeling the dirk of sudden pain plunge into his head. He lay gasping for a moment, then rolled upon his stomach and clutched the tall grass with desperate hands. A roaring sound made conches of his ears. From that moment his thinking lost its anchor. He yearned for strength, the lost strength that had thrown Harry Cooke shoulder flat upon the drilling ground the day long ago when the boys had wrestled among

its shadows. The drilling ground! It gripped him yet with its mystery; the Continentals had marched there in secret, hidden by the surrounding woods. Yes, the drilling ground . . . He must find it, find the strength he had left there.

This memory was like spring water in his throat. Feeling the trickle of a plan, he watched his own chimney pouting among the elms; watched until he could rise to his feet again, shading his eyes to look. Laura was busy inside the house, he was sure. Thank heaven too that she could not see this far, for she would crab at him for plowing without his hat. Also, she had better not see him leave the south lot for the deep woods.

Strength, he thought as he led Gip into the shade beside the wall and hobbled her with the reins. If he went up through the trees to the drilling ground, he would find strength. It was there in the clear spring among frogs and newts, a spring sweetened by the presence of ferns that kept the sun away. The sun was his opponent now; Harry Cooke had been thrown and pinned upon that peculiar, mossy soil that never grew grass. Harry Cooke dead? It couldn't be! That was a legend darker than the one about the drilling ground, which, after all, he had seen with his own eyes. *Strength*, he thought, their youthful strength, buried in that secret place.

It was a long walk up the steep field to the farther wall, from sun to the edge of shade, a green shade that stretched across the mountain like silk on an umbrella. At the wall Noah took out his kerchief, wiped his neck and face, then looked back. The clothes flapping on his line were like urgent flags at a foot race, the kind of race he used to run on Howitt's meadow. Satisfied that Laura was back inside the house, he turned again, found the gap in the wall, and climbed through.

As he faced the hostile line of trees, uncut for half a century, Noah squared his shoulders like a youth accepting a challenge. The trees were the posts of a stockade he had once read about, a stockade shutting him out, leaving him in the world of Mrs. Harms, the parson, the tax assessor, lean seasons, and the stubborn soil he had battled so long. Reaching out and parting the underbrush, Noah took the long, cool plunge into the green of memory.

There was no trail, for he had entered at random. The film of heat was gone, and where the huge old stumps lay like giant toads between the smaller trees, moss curled on the rotting wood in dungeon dampness, unaffected by the screened-out sun. Noah's feet squished in the decomposed leaves; there was a stream somewhere near, and at last he came to its rocky bed and heard the water washing against the stones. When he reached the deep pool and saw the plume of rapids beyond, he stopped, sat down on a log, and removed his clothes.

A moment later Noah Harms was standing shoulder deep in the pool, where flints at the bottom kept his tender feet in motion. The leaves of the low-hanging branches flecked his skin with a lacey design, and when he tried to swim, the sun was a hundred golden balls bobbing just beyond his grasp. His head dripping, he pushed up from beneath the water and let go a round shout that echoed and was answered, as if another boy stood poised for a dive nearby.

That would be Harry Cooke now, Noah thought. He was always the daring one, first to dive into unplumbed water, first to try the new ice with his skates, and first to call on Laura Beaman, now Mrs. Harms. He was over there, hallooing from a rock above the pool, his yellow hair a net that caught the sunlight. And Noah shouted again, just to hear Harry answer, forgetting that Harry lay silent in the burial ground on the West Branch.

When his body had dried, Noah put on his clothes and left the pool behind. Finding a faint trail bordered with ground pine and Indian pipe, the old man worked his way to drier soil where cedars displaced oaks and maples. The trail rose along the side of a grey cliff spangled with lichen and star moss; as he climbed, Noah recalled the cave at the top, formed by an overhanging rock. His feet were tired when they levelled off at last, and his breath came in gasps, but there, sure enough, was the cave with ashes and the charred logs of old fires in its mouth.

Noah went in as far as he could, to "The Chimney," a stone funnel leading to the top of the rock. Coming out again, Noah paused here and there to read the inscriptions and dates. The latest name was his own, and under it, scrawled in charcoal, was Harry Cooke's signature and two crude hands clasped in friendship. Here was where "The Tribe" had met, but of "The Tribe" only Noah was left. Squatting down over one of the campfires, he sifted its ashes through his hands. The only thing he found was the blackened blade of a penknife.

Noah climbed to the top of the rock by way of "The Chimney," and there he met the sun once more. Its warmth felt good after the chilly darkness below. Shading his eyes, Noah studied the crazy slant of his own house. Miles beyond it was the white steeple of the church, the only symmetrical and pleasing object in sight. He had been married from that church; he would be buried from it too, but now he did not think of death. From this vantage point he should be able to spot the drilling ground, yet, as his eyes swept the woods and the frequent fields they encroached upon, they glimpsed no hint of the lost clearing.

A wider clearing caught his eye instead; Noah marked it well before descending to the woods on the far side of the cave. The way was more open here, but now it grew dim as the sun fell in the long arc. The first familiar object near the clearing was a stone corral, and beyond that, where a street had been, were cellar holes filled with rubble and tall weeds. The quarry itself was an open pit with brackish green water a few feet from the top and rusty cables coiled like pythons about its rim.

It was even longer since Noah had been here, longer than fifty years. He recalled his mother sending him once a week; he came with home-made bread for the Italian quarrymen's wives, who often treated him to wine. Now there was nothing left of the village; the quarry stone had given out. The shed where the hoist machinery once stood swarmed with wild bees in the stillness of afternoon; the whine of the cable was being mocked by the woodpecker and the dragonfly. Noah Harms, ambling among the ruins, kicked at bits of iron and spat disconsolately at empty tins.

An hour later, starting from a sleep against a tree, Noah gasped in surprise at the quick-coming dusk. He was not at the drilling ground after all, and was alone. Why, goodness, without Harry Cooke he would never find the place. And Harry Cooke? He might be at Laura Beaman's now. Quick! Noah told himself, get there before he has time to flatter her, bend her his way, propose.

Scrambling to his feet, Noah set off at a quick trot along a wagon road that grew more worn and less weedy. He came to the blacktop road and turned down it toward his place. Two miles more, and he heard the neighing mare, that he had left beneath the shade. Unhobbling her, he led her through familiar lanes to the barn and a meal of oats, but as he approached the house his feet were quiet and crafty. It was very late. He would use the front door, the company door, as he always did when calling on Laura. Did Harry Cooke enter by the side door? Was Harry here already?

"Noah Harms!"

Laura Harms was rocking in the dark on the front porch, tapping the boards with intolerant feet. She had waited for him. She had seen him creeping up.

"You're late," she added. "And wherever you were, you plumb forgot your hat. Just look at you! Supper's put away and I'm not stirring to warm it over."

When Noah lit the lamp and drew near with it, his wreathy look made his wife stare the harder.

"Anybody come by for me?" he asked.

"Who would come for thee?" she said softly, using the older form of the personal pronoun.

"Harry. Harry Cooke," Noah said. "Was to meet me here, but when he didn't, I set out for the drilling ground myself. Natur'ly, I got lost without him."

"Lost, Noah? But you found the way home . . ."

"Never care, Laura. He'll come for thee at least. He always liked thee!"

When Noah stooped and kissed her, she smiled indulgently and clung to his arm. She even broke her resolve and went to warm his supper, but while he was eating she made a cold compress and slipped it around his head.

"Poor boy," she murmured, loosening his heavy clothes. "Thee was working without a hat. Come to bed, Noah. Come!"

"I'm fine," he protested feebly. "Strong as a young bull."

He stopped as if a thought had pierced his tongue.

"Odd thing, Laura. The woods have grown up so that I couldn't find the drilling ground. Yet it's cooler here than in the woods. Oh, much cooler!"

"Thee'll be all right," his wife said, putting her white head beside his. "And another thing, Noah . . . Harry Cooke won't come by. We'll be alone tonight, from now on."

LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN.

Shakespeare at Stratford

► IN HIS PRODUCTION of *Henry V*, which opened this year's season at Stratford, Ontario, Michael Langham seems to have relied a good deal upon J. H. Walter's New Arden edition of the play. For example, I don't recall that anyone before Walter had claimed an anti-Papal pun in Mistress Quickly's line on Falstaff's death: "he was rheumatic and talked of the Whore of Babylon." In this performance the pronunciation "Rome-atic" could hardly have been more definite. In his introduction (elaborating on a suggestion of Dover Wilson's) Walter argues that Falstaff originally appeared in *Henry V*, but that he had to be killed off, and his scenes given to Ancient Pistol, because of certain objections by the Brook family, whose name was consequently taken in vain by Ford in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The idea is pretty dubious, but in a pre-season statement Mr. Langham used it to justify his choice of both plays and his assignment to Douglas Campbell of Pistol in the one and Falstaff in the other. More important, Mr. Langham accepts the strong religious emphasis in Walter's account of Henry. A modern audience is likely to squirm when wars of conquest are attributed to the will of God, but Mr. Langham not only refuses to expurgate, but actually underlines Henry's sense of dedication and certainty that the conquest of France is God's work. Although God does not literally descend from the machine, He remains in the wings or up the aisles, and Christopher Plummer's eyes are always searching for Him on the horizon.

But, of course, Mr. Langham has other things in mind, of which one of the most important is to build up the French scenes by employing French-Canadian actors and some of Tanya Moiseiwitsch's most exciting costumes. Although a few of these actors speak English verse badly, the experiment comes off. In particular, Gratien Gelinas, Guy Hoffman, Ginette Letondal and Germaine Giroux humanize scenes that, in Shakespeare's pages, have only an occasional charm.

But the more the spectators become involved in the French scenes, the less easy it is for them to accept Henry's function as God's instrument. When Guy Hoffman, as the Governor of Harfleur, weeps over his unhappy town, and when Gratien Gelinas, as the King of France, speaks his lines with the accents of hopeless, yet somehow noble, suffering, Henry's purpose has ceased to be the play's. The better the French scenes, the less easy it is to give the play any simple unity—and, perhaps, the more Shakespearian the total effect. If Mr. Langham had also built up the opening scenes, with their determined but Machiavellian churchmen, he might have made God's will on earth seem even more inscrutable, and the play itself tougher and richer. But he cuts down these scenes and plays them for comedy. For example, the Archbishop is made to garble his long but extremely lucid speech justifying Henry's claim to the French throne, and when he ends, "So that, as clear as is the summer's sun," there is nothing for the court to do but dissolve in laughter. Olivier used the same stunt (but more crudely) in his movie. However, all in all, Mr. Langham is an honest and skilful craftsman, who accepts without apology the play he has chosen and does not try to avoid the consequences. In particular, he is willing to accentuate the richness and variety without reducing them to a specious and too narrow unity.

I emphasize this last point because a familiar complaint about Mr. Langham's direction is that he fails to coerce his plays into unity, to shape them in terms of some overall idea, so that they remain loose, sprawling, heterogeneous. But the unity of a Shakespeare performance should lie primarily with the individual spectator. The responsibility is his; he must choose and coordinate. To keep eliminating possibilities and making the spectator's mind up for him (not merely when necessary, but at every opportunity) is to reduce the play to pabulum. The spectator should be active not passive, and where the play provides possibilities and mixtures, the director must not turn them into certainties and solutions. Alfred Harbage (in *Theatre for Shakespeare*) certainly exaggerates in his attempt to minimize the function of a director, but he is surely right to complain about over-enthusiastic attempts to reduce the heterogeneity, the (so to speak) artistic totalitarianism of a Shakespeare play. Shakespeare's plays are not naturally fitted to a mass audience; it would be a mistake to perform them as if they were.

Christopher Plummer's Henry lacks genuine strength and thrust, although he comes within an ace of counterfeiting them successfully. He is therefore at his best when he does not have to try too hard: in the early scenes, in the night-piece, in the wooing of Katharine. But if his heroism is a bit strained and thin, if his devices of voice and gesture are limited and sometimes mechanical, he still gives a fine performance, thoughtful and articulate. We observe his Henry growing from boyish uncertainty to decision and kingship, but retaining to the end his youthful high spirits and love of a practical joke, as well as his need to justify himself and to understand his role as king and divine instrument. His articulateness contrasts notably with the resonant mumbling of most of the other men, particularly before the intermission. The first of the low comedy scenes was intelligible at the rate of about one word in ten. Admittedly most of the words

in this particular scene are not worth hearing anyway, but it is not one of the functions of Stratford to save Shakespeare from himself, and the best of the comic scenes suffer along with the worst. The difficulties of dialect are no excuse. However, (in the performance I saw) things improved immensely in the second half, particularly Eric House as Fluellen and Douglas Campbell as Pistol.

The *Merry Wives of Windsor* is likely to distress audiences and critics whose idea of a plot remains the somewhat negative one current between the two world wars. The good old centuries, when a comedy plot was really a plot, full of contrived situations, interweaving sub-plots and organized denouements, were long-lasting and show signs of returning (in Canada, consider the recent plays of Robertson Davies), but those who grew to maturity during the interregnum, when the tradition was in abeyance and the rather pallid comedies of Coward and Maugham set the standard, are likely to be a bit non-plussed by the flamboyance and artificiality of a characteristic comedy plot. They will recall nostalgically the main critical survivor of that interregnum, Wolcott Gibbs, whose most devastating critical technique was simply to summarize the plot. For the *Merry Wives* has a contrived situation plot with a strong physical basis, and is a particularly uncompromising example (almost a *reductio ad absurdum*) of the genre. The characters, of course, do most of the contriving; for better and for worse, they seem to be making the play up as it goes along; and the whole has an air of free improvisation that can be most engaging. All the critics of this production that I have read or heard (with the honorable exception of Arnold Edinborough on *Critically Speaking*) have deplored the play. One even called it the worst play Shakespeare ever wrote (personally, I can think of half a dozen Shakespeare comedies that I would place below it, including reputable ones like *Much Ado about Nothing* and *The Taming of the Shrew*); but, in any case, it is a hard play to judge or describe in a phrase, for its range of language, character and situation extends from the most brilliant and ingenious to the crudest and most perfunctory. Everything it gives the actor is on the surface, but the surface stretches in all directions. Its variety of diction and speech mannerism alone is staggering, and it seems to mix together all the stock characters in the world.

The result is an actor's paradise, but also a director's challenge. Without the greatest vitality and pace, the most skilful cutting and shaping, this profuse and uneven masterpiece can in the end exhaust and enervate, a practical joke that has outlived its welcome. Mr. Langham and his cast have met the challenge superbly. Of course, the play almost seems designed to conceal our actor's limitations and make the best of their strong points. Most of the Stratfordians have only a rudimentary talent for speaking verse, and in 1954's *Taming of the Shrew*, Tyrone Guthrie simply had them pretend it was prose. Since the *Merry Wives* has practically no verse at all, the problem does not arise. The Stratfordians also have difficulty with character parts that demand an unmannered style and an economy of gesture. They lack repose, strength, simplicity, presence. But the *Merry Wives* is a comedy of manners in a very obvious sense of the word, and neither economy nor repose would suit it at all. Everything seems to have conspired to make the Stratfordians, old and new, surpass themselves. Douglas Campbell's Falstaff is a brilliant *tour de force*, as is Gratien Gelinas' Dr. Caius, but to single out any more names would be absurd, since its consistency, right down the line, is a major virtue of this production. I would be happier if it went to the Edinburgh festival instead of *Henry V*.

MILTON WILSON

Radio and Television

► DEATH AND MAN'S RELATION to it is an ambitious dramatic theme. In June, television's Studio One brought us *Mr. Arcularis* starring the Canadian actor John Drainie, and CBC Wednesday Night brought us Len Peterson's adaptation of *Man's Fate* from the novel by Andre Malraux.

Mr. Arcularis, the story of a man's journey toward death, happens also to be an adaptation. The original was a short story by Conrad Aiken. This question of adaptation puts me in mind of a man whom I once had to refer to a job as dishwasher. When I mentioned to the employment officer at the other end of the telephone, that he would recognize the applicant by his beard, the wires fairly leaped with spirited objections, so that the applicant could not help hearing, became very troubled and asked me to decide if he should get rid of his beard. I told him that I would not dream of making a judgment on such a vital issue, and I am glad to report that he kept his beard and found some other kind of work.

But Mr. Aiken's story, in order to make the commercial television circuit, did not keep its beard. Its essential character was transformed when the adaptor, Robert Herridge, tapped pencil to teeth and in some evil hour wrote in an oedipus complex, free floating guilt and Dr. Caligari's cabinet. Judging by the numerous fuzzy shots of tilting corridors, which lent nothing to the significance of the play, and the repeated use of a screenful of abstract design to mark a change of scene, *Mr. Arcularis* was meant to be at least semi-experimental.

If the producer had had a consistent approach to the story material and had been able to make up his mind which way to interpret it, something experimental might have come out of it. As it was, we got an uneasy pastiche made up of oracular pronouncements by symbolic figures such as the ship's steward and captain, unsustained macabre touches, and sudden lacunae of fantasy which came from nowhere and led nowhere. Finally we discovered that Mr. Arcularis has been lying on an operating table the whole television hour. When his dream journey towards death ends in the actuality of death under the surgeon's scalpel, the assisting nurse, who is now seen to have the same face as his mother and his shipboard sweetheart, collapses on the floor with a soft thump.

All this wasted the honest performance of John Drainie, who gave a consistent portrayal of the gentle and tormented hero, a man who never became any readier for his death in spite of the nightmarish ordeals he was forced to experience. That is what one really minds—the guilt, the suffering, and in the end—the lack of development.

Fortunately, *Man's Fate* turned out to be an entirely different kind of theater. I have sometimes wondered what right we have to expect radio drama to be theatre at all when such an essential part, the stage, is missing. The only answer I can find is that in good radio theatre the stage is *not* missing, but palpably present in all its creating force, even though it is not seen. It takes a producer as boldly gifted as Esse Ljungh to find ways in which to make the audience feel the stage through other imaginative channels.

The influence of the winter's Shakespeare productions was manifest in Ljungh's direction of *Man's Fate*; the same detailed complex qualities of tapestry and pageant were present in his interpretation of Peterson's play. His ingenuity in varying the pace and density of the musical bridges which link up narrative with dramatic parts, and his way of hanging up a sound curtain as background for the action in crowd scenes, is astonishing. Ljungh seems to use voices as

a choreographer uses bodies—to design with. We get a very graspable sense of crowded stage as the dramatic tension gathers and the voices are massed together, thick, in blocks; and we get the opposite emptiness of stage when the thinness of sound is attenuated to the released occasion.

I had some question about the speed with which many of the lines were galloped over, and some individual speeches might have been made more of. However, Barr Morse as the narrator, carried his part with a constant forward-shifting persuasion which almost made up for these lapses.

Now as to the play itself. Edna Millay, in a preface to a volume of Baudelaire's translated poems, has pointed out that the successful translator is one who is so identified with the spirit of the original work that he might very nearly have written it himself. I do not think it is too high a compliment to Peterson to say that he meets this requirement, for his dramatization of Malraux's novel gives us its essence and transposes in a remarkable way Malraux's vision of human life from the medium of the novel, which is literary, to the medium of the theatre, which is dramatic. Moreover, Peterson is wise, humble, or respectful enough to recognize where his own art does not exceed Malraux's. A glance at the novel will show that Peterson does not hesitate to use Malraux's original dialogue wherever he can. It also shows Peterson's skill in bringing out and forcing to life, the theatrical possibilities which are contained in Malraux's passionately held view of the world.

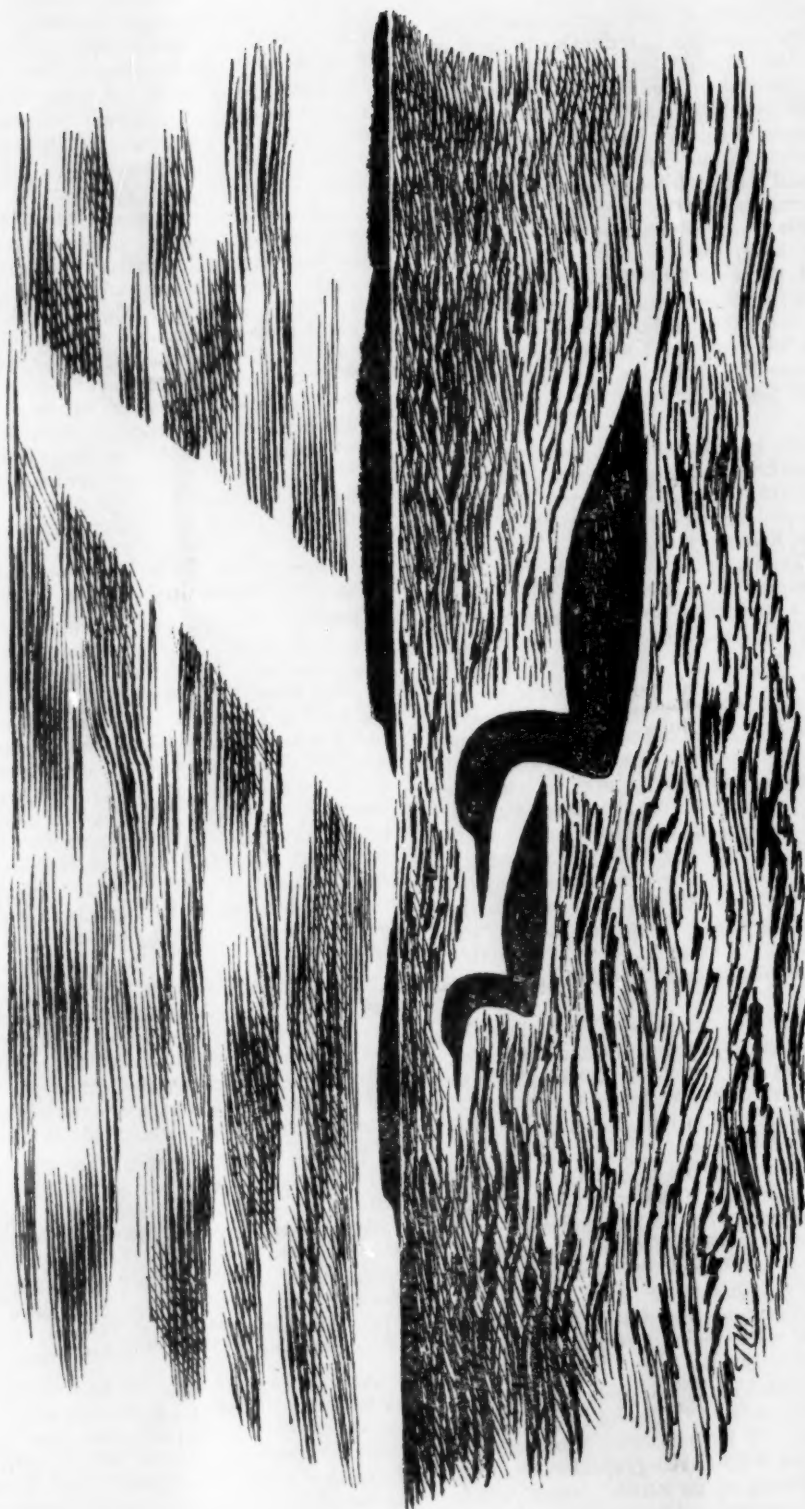
Peterson, like Malraux, is fond of philosophizing, and like him, he commits himself to broad general principles, usually unpopular ones. He doesn't, like Paddy Chayefsky, (author of such television darlings as *Marty*, *The Bachelor Party*, etc.) tell us that we're pretty small potatoes after all, but in our own hammy, slobbish way we all yearn for romance, (and find it), cleave ever-after to our mates, (however unjustifiably), and cherish our mothers, (however unmotherly). In *Man's Fate*, Peterson says outright that man is not small potatoes, but has the divine spark, and in situations of human crisis such as love, revolution, and impending death, that spark can light up to become the actuality of great courage and even heroism, notwithstanding the parallel realization in practical terms of the human condition—failure, weakness, fear.

"I wish someone would tell my son that I died bravely," says one of the revolutionaries who is about to be executed. A superficial analysis will take a very ordinary meaning out of this, but if one really thinks of it imaginatively, it becomes a bare and terrifying statement of parenthood with its full acknowledgment of concrete responsibilities and its uniquely human claim (through the child) to immortality.

The play's moral, seemed in the end, to be as much Peterson's as Malraux's. It was a variation of Peterson's favorite theme, the relation between group and individual; in relationship we are born, in relationship we live, and finally, in relation to one another, we die. How we die is of utmost importance, since only then does our life's meaning and value become fully revealed; "some old men are empty because their lives have been empty," the father of one of the revolutionaries remarks. It takes death to make a man's life whole.

As might be guessed, the final death scene—the suicide of two revolutionaries and the execution of the third—is the high point of the play, and a very moving one. A comparison with the novel at this point will show that Peterson did far more than adapt. This scene belongs almost as much to him as to Malraux—it was deeply conceived, and thanks to Ljungh, was beautifully executed. I hope the CBC plans to repeat this production, preferably in the late autumn and with more publicity.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON



PAIR OF LOONS—THOREAU MACDONALD

Boardwalk at Verdun

Birds
fly far out
over the water; and return.
They forget (O Immortals)
where they have been.
They perch on discoloured rails.

That sun-bronzed diver:
Impersonal, free; what gay laughter!
I think of the Nietzschean Uebermensch.
He raises his arms—like a god!—slowly;
becomes an exotic water flower
then plunges knifelike to sever his roots.

Sullenly
the hot citizens
seat themselves in the ferry.

Faithless
they invent new grimaces
for the water's stretch there and back.

But a gull too
gives form and arrangement,
curving solitary in the grey distance;

Its arcs,
unstable parentheses,
holding a waste of air.

Myriads of insects
suddenly appear —
some transitory July creature —
A white swarm, a milk of wings.
World, you are a brilliant madman
and these your fevered notions.

Irving Layton

In Situ

The poet in his tree of hell
will see life steadily and see it well.
The world is round. It moves in circles.

The poet in his vision tree
imparts immaculate necessity
to murder, ignorance and lust.
The world is round. It moves in circles.

Poetry, the poet's curse,
will look, for better or for worse,
like a simple monk in meditation
cloaked in apparent deprivation:
in its ambiguous nakedness
glows the raiment of its otherness.

The world is round. It moves in circles.
With laughter on his haunted face,
a madman captive in a leaf's embrace,
the poet wildly shakes his tree . . .

The world is round. It moves in circles.

Phyllis Webb

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First Draughts

They hold strange virtue, these
Fragments on which I wrote,
Copies can only quote
Visions this paper sees.
The same words are but faint
Purged of corrections, neat
In typescript or in print,
Ghosts of these hearts that beat.

Torn envelope or bill,
They knew the very touch
Of moments that were such
Delight, and know it still.

Handling them, again
I am in bus or shop,
By rapture held to stop
And scrawl ecstatic gain.

Though I can hardly read
The pencil's blur, I must
Retain these scraps, whose dust
Is poetry indeed. *J. Phoenixe*

The Idiot Birds

The idiot birds
strut the lawn,
summer gives them all
they're ever wanted.
They cheep, they chime,
they scratch the dawn.
Idiot birds! Summer is all
they've wanted.

But then the fools
in ignorant bliss
ascend in the singing air
as we like noisy idiots strut
in our summer of despair. *Phyllis Webb*

Holiday in England

Stubby little automobiles; no necks and thickset; bred for twisty narrow roads; thrifty but not exciting; they shine and glitter with five-and-ten shine. Behind cataracts of lace blearing the windows eyes watch them crowd streets pent in by narrow houses, by rows of stalls in privet or brick or clapboard where the sooty flowers herd. Into the country, into the convoy, bumper to bumper; squeezed in by neat small fields squeezed into their hedgerows squeezed into England, past prim white signposts, lettered for close peering, on the corners of the real old world; the old world twining twisting into and out of the new; an escape that never quite escapes, a trip in time beyond the stubby little surrealist beetles in the eighteenth century lane. Tall walls, spiked gates, spinach green shadows in beech woods, "No Trespassing" hints of mantraps and spring guns; through the eighteenth century but never escaping it; running, running away from stiff, overfilled files, rickety phones and nowhere to put anything except on top of something else, the feeling of no room on the ground, of no more corners left in dark cornered factories or places on shelves loaded, overloaded, with uncharted treasures amid a welter of lathes and benches. What does it all add up to? A mirror. But who cares? And that perhaps is the real tragedy we try to escape through the looking-glass as we change gear and fuss up the lane winding into the eighteenth century we shall never reach.

James Smallwood

Film Review

► GEORGE CUKOR MUST be disappointed in the response to his latest film *Bhowani Junction*. The critics have been lukewarm and the public have reacted with a yawn, "Oh, yes, another Ava Gardner picture." Well this is an age where excellence goes unnoticed unless promoted by unusual high-pressure ballyhoo. Nation-wide release at prominent theatres accompanied by Ed Sullivan's promise that "thiziz a wunnerful moompitcher" seems to be the only condition under which the producer can be assured of a good profit and the director of long reviews in the press.

The excellence of *Bhowani Junction* lies first of all in its craft. The numerous crowd scenes are tumultuous and documentary, creating an effect of immediate historical authenticity. The smoking, twisted vividness of a train wreck makes it difficult to believe that it is not the real thing. Hung around the traditional symbol of powerful movement, a railway, the action dissolves swiftly from scene to scene. But then its basis, John Master's novel, is a natural—an extroverted Kiplingish narrative on a broad canvas of Indian life just before the British leave. While continually pushing his story forward Cukor assimilates a wealth of telling detail, as he did a year ago in *A Star Is Born*. As in that film the secondary characters are all carefully outlined: the local Congress leader, the fanatic nationalist Sikh mother, the Irish engine-driver father, the odious junior British officer. The lone exception is the Communist villain who is little more than a cardboard figure.

A second virtue of the movie is the reasonable impartiality of its manner, a realism tinged with wit unique in an era which favors melodrama hand-in-hand with propaganda. Strangely enough brevity and understatement convey the essence of this seething world of intellectual, emotional and political conflict. No long speeches or confessions, no dream sequences, no exchange of monologue passed off as dialogue. The only hackneyed expedient is a narrator telling the tale, but he editorializes dispassionately. One scene illustrates the hand of a sure director working a multitude of plot threads into a taut climactic piece. The local Congress party decides to demonstrate passive resistance by stopping a train, Communists are inciting violence, the military want to avoid violence but reach supplies on which the safety of all depend. In this boiling mass of political and religious sensitivities the British Colonel gets the demonstrators off the tracks by having some untouchables defile them. In one 10 minute scene Cukor conveys with an economy of technique the varying implications of all this, the emotional responses involved, and the un-North American conclusion that absolute justice is not possible.

The acting is surprisingly good. Bill Travers' study of the long-suffering Anglo-Indian boyfriend is very acute. His speech inflections are perfect, his gestures and flourishes capture the excitability of many Indians and he suffers flashes of remorse at his failure to keep a stiff upper lip in accredited British fashion. His hesitations and aggressive excursions when faced with responsibility in the railway crisis reveal a host of unstated tensions. Ava Gardner, cast as the Anglo-Indian girl Victoria Jones, searches for status while her world crumbles around her. She throws herself into the role with more earnestness than she has exhibited before. The result is arresting but unsuccessful because she plays every big dramatic scene at the same pitch. Although she doesn't burden the picture with an incongruous American manner, she doesn't lighten it with any notion of English or Indian culture either. She is too big in a healthy outdoor girl way and too worn in an unhealthy indoor fashion for the

role. Just a nice girl strayed from the farm into sophisticated life, a little sad about it all and yearning for she knows not what, though Madrid's bull farms appeal at the moment. She is an interesting actress but without resources of intelligence or sensitiveness, and lacking these an actress can reflect only her own limited personality.

Stewart Granger plays the colonel in whose arms Victoria ultimately finds security. Genuine shock—he is excellent. He is forceful and at home in a well-written part portraying a wry humanity combined with the expedient military point of view. The colonel's decision to remain in India with Victoria is not according to John Masters who saw this as another insoluble union for his heroine.

There are weaknesses. The interlude with the Sikh lover never really comes to life although the family background and fanatic mother ring true. He is too pale a shadow of a melancholy Hindu to belong to a warlike military sect. The climactic scene in the railway car when Victoria confesses to Granger is fuzzy. Is it meant to be a heavy dramatic bit? Victoria in an affected frock and the colonel dancing around the Gurkha campfire unfortunately smacks of *King Solomon's Mines*. But nothing is perfect, and the subtle impressions of India caught on this wide screen make up for any minor faults—dust, disorder, sun-bleached plains, surging movement, fine-boned angular features, dun-colored flesh and uncolored garments. Mr. Cukor can rest assured that one critic wishes that all the current crop of Cinemascope wonders were in his film's class.

JOAN FOX

NFB

► THE STUDIOS OF HOLLYWOOD are not alone in their wholesale and thoughtless capitulation to television. The National Film Board, with much less reason for behaving so rashly, has set back the production of documentary films in this country by deciding to make the bulk of its future pictures purely for television, which is mainly CBC-TV.

When the Government finally built proper studios for the NFB in Montreal we were glad that at long last the Board was moving from its cramped and old-fashioned quarters in Ottawa, into premises in which it could expand and work with confidence. In Montreal, we hoped, the Board would set out along new paths with exciting plans for better documentaries, more story films, even full-length documentary features.

But what has happened? With its typical shortsighted and restricted outlook, the production executive announces that it will make some 70 or 80 films for television, including a series about Commonwealth countries—as if these countries haven't already made dozens of films about themselves which we never have seen!

This is absolutely nonsensical. The CBC is well-enough endowed with funds and independent film makers (most of them being from the Board) to make its own television films without the NFB making itself a subsidiary of the CBC.

The crux of the matter is this: there would be nothing wrong with the Board continuing to make films in the proper documentary techniques, which could also be shown on television as well as in theatres and to audiences of 16 mm. films in public halls and other places. But the Board blissfully thinks that it will use its new facilities to make *On the Spot* and *Perspective* television series, and then after they have been televised, send them out to film councils and other avenues of non-theatrical distribution to be looked at in place of the properly made documentaries it has been producing for this purpose.

If the NFB thinks that its supporters and film council members are going to sit through programs of hurriedly

made, hybrid television films which are neither pure television nor pure cinema and repeat tired themes then it is very much mistaken. If it pursues such a course it will have nothing of lasting interest or value to show to us.

I have been looking at some of the *Perspective* series in the screening room (not on television) and a more depressing experience is hard to recall. One in particular, called *Are People Sheep*, which did have a promising theme about conformity in present-day life, was so badly made, acted and developed that it hardly seemed possible that it could be the work of Julian Biggs, who made *The Shepherd*. I am not concerned with the effectiveness of these pictures for television (which was their primary purpose) but on their secondary mission, that of being shown to community audiences.

It would not matter how many such films the Board made for television did it not neglect its main function: to make proper documentary and informational pictures to be projected on screens that are not part of a television set. Does the NFB think that these slight, inartistic topics of the moment which it is turning out for television will have a permanent value? Does it really think that audiences will want to see them five years from now in the way we often like to look at the documentaries made five years ago?

It is all very distressing. There are fewer and fewer NFB shorts in the theatres. Instead of going out and fighting for its rightful place the Board prefers to take the easy way out and carry on believing that it is best to remain unknown and not let the public know what it is doing. Such an attitude will soon lead to oblivion and should this happen I doubt if anyone will mourn its passing now.

Brief Reviews: In view of the NFB's infatuation with television I consider myself fortunate to have seen two of those now rare films still being made for the theatres in the *Canada Carries On* and *Eye Witness* series. The first, *The Lumberjack* (10 mins. b&w) strengthens my belief that the Board lives in isolation and never reads the newspapers. Last winter, it will be recalled, the newspapers revealed the tragic cruelties being inflicted on bush horses working in lumber camps. At that time, a unit from the NFB was in the northern forests filming *The Lumberjack*. What it has to tell has all been seen before in similar films, except for one moment of anguish when a lone horse pulling a tremendous load of lumber cannot hold it back on the downhill slippery trail and falls before it into the snow. I wonder whether the director included this as a silent comment on the treatment of the horses or whether it was just another scene to him. No wonder the poor animals are broken and worked to death. Here is another subject that film-makers have overlooked, one that would do more to arouse public opinion than in any other medium. But this would conflict with the popular picture of the lumberman as a fine, upstanding fellow!

Eye Witness No. 81 (10 mins. b&w) shows how the Alberta Government moved all the miners from Nordegg (a depressed coal mining town) to new homes and jobs elsewhere. This too, is a subject for a two-reel film, not as a 5-minute item. The second subject dealt with in *Eye Witness 81* is the training of navy frogmen at Halifax. Very damp.

GERALD PRATLEY

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THE CANADIAN FORUM
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Judith Hearne

► BRIAN MOORE, the author of *Judith Hearne*,* was born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, thirty-four years ago; and for the sake of the old sod we don't say "Bri-an," we say "Bree-an." Mr. Moore, however, is now a Canadian citizen. This may simply mean that he pays Canadian taxes and is a more or less permanent resident of Montreal; but it may also mean that he knows his country very well, as a man who likes to move about and see things and as a reporter for *The Montreal Gazette* (until 1951) and contributor to *Weekend Magazine*, and finds it a likely place in which to grow a few roots and practice the honorable craft of writing. Mr. Moore has moved about a good deal since the completion of his schooling in Ireland. After wartime service with the British Ministry of War Transport in North Africa, he spent two years in or about Warsaw with the UNNRA Economic Mission to Poland, and capped this with a tour as freelance correspondent which took him to most of the countries of Europe and North and South America. He came to Canada in 1947, is married to Jacqueline Sirois, a staff-writer of distinction for *Weekend Magazine*, and currently seems to be in the happy position of not having to answer anyone else's call but his own to write.

Judith Hearne, Mr. Moore's first novel, is the outgrowth of a short story submitted to *The Atlantic Monthly* some years ago. It has already won two awards, first fruits division, since its initial Canadian publication in August, 1955. In March of the present year it won the Beta Sigma Phi prize of \$1000 for the best first novel written by a Canadian in 1955, and in May the Authors' Club (English) Annual First Novel Award, which brought the author a silver-mounted quill and the prestige of notice from a group constituted in 1891 whose founding members included Thomas Hardy and George Meredith. This June the Atlantic Press released an American edition of the novel bearing the title (wouldn't you know it) of *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*; and there are rumors, unconfirmed, of a forthcoming Penguin reprint.

Thus the biographical bric-a-brac on Mr. Moore. Much of it is mere dust-jacket information, of course, but worth rehearsing none the less. Mr. Moore is literary news at the moment and dust-jackets of *Judith Hearne* still have a rather limited circulation. There seems also to be some justification, on the eve of its first anniversary of publication, for a brief reevaluation of the novel which has been the cause of so much rejoicing.

It is pleasant to report, at the risk of suggesting condescension, that all this acclaim is not misplaced, as it might well be for a variety of reasons. Mr. Moore tells the story of a middle-aged spinster, patching out a life in the seedy boarding houses of Belfast, who is, as is amply demonstrated, "poor, plain and unlucky." Judith Hearne defines the problem of the type in the lively colors of the person. She is the single woman of uncertain age, without special talents as without means or special charms, craving with an ever-diminishing hope of fulfilment the security, the love, to some extent the passion which marriage could bring, suffering because nature carelessly neglected to make her insensitive or frigid and because the traditions of gentility and the ethics of a dogmatic religion in which she has been taught to place her faith combine to produce in her a tyrant conscience. The net result, under the conditions of crisis described in this novel, is spinster *agonistes*, no mistake, though Mr. Moore is careful to direct our vision outward to the society which springs the trap for its Judith Hearnes as well as inward to the soul that is so tragically ensnared.

*JUDITH HEARNE: Brian Moore; (Andre Deutsch) Collins; \$2.75.

The bruised creature, we are asked to believe, seeks protection and help. For Mr. Moore's Judith there is retreat to gentility: the manners of a Malone Road lady; a wrist watch that declares refinement but not for many a long year the time; the memory of Aunt D'Arcy, who set the twin watchdogs of propriety and respectability on guard over the maidenhood of her niece; and a carefully nurtured connection with a family who live in the right part of Belfast and who have position and many of the amenities of life which she has been denied. There is also genuflection and appeal for sanctuary to the Mother Church, to which she turns instinctively as the frustrations of her life reach their climax in an undignified pursuit of a shoddy and aging specimen of an Irish-American. And finally, there are the special retreats of the truly psychotic; daydreams nourished by the romance and spectacle of Hollywood movies, ever sending "new wonders into the darkness"; and, more profoundly, the bottle. For Judith Hearne is an alcoholic within the clinical meaning of the term—skilled in the necessary practices of deceit, complete in her capitulation to drink when the craving is on her, drinking not to forget hazard and disappointment, but to be able to meet these philosophically when fortified, as Mr. Moore puts it, "by the stimulant of unreason." In all its forms, however, the search for escape is fruitless, the relief transient or in other ways inadequate. The creature drags to the length of its chain, lacerating its wounds in the process. Fundamentally, Mr. Moore implies, society has no real or lasting comfort to offer Judith Hearne—passes her the bottle, perhaps, shows her Victor Mature Samson tearing down the temple and crushing Delilah in his muscular arms, but withholds the understanding and the acts of love which would make all tolerable. And the Church, as an institution with special concern for the lost, fails too. To this woman's agonized appeals, no answer but dogma and ritual. "Believe, repent, go and sin no more." But no miracle is wrought, for the infinite compassion of Christ is a quality somehow deficient in the later-day forms of His Church. When the lonely derelict, humiliated and lost in her "sin," and questioning the very existence of God, cries out to Father Quigley, "Do you understand?" he can only look blankly at his sheep:

What ails her? Father, he did not comprehend what his child was saying. Priest, he could not communicate with his parishioner. "No," Father Quigley said. "I don't know what you're talking about."

There remains Job's appeal, direct to God, and in a final scene of compelling power Judith Hearne violates the tabernacle, clawing at the small golden door within the altar behind which lie the Holy of Holies. The door, rough and encrusted with a motif of crucifixes, does not open. But the Presence does reveal itself to the defiler in a significant vision of compassion—"His bleeding heart red against His white tunic."

C. S. Forester, in making the Authors' Club's presentation to Mr. Moore, intimated that *Judith Hearne* embodied a note of hope and faith which was "in refreshing contrast to the present trend among young novelists towards unmitigated gloom." If Mr. Forester is not to be thought incapable of telling a hawk from a handsaw, with the wind southerly, he must be understood to mean that Mr. Moore's work exemplifies those qualities of sympathetic insight into character and situation, of vigor and objectivity of presentation, which in themselves constitute an affirmation that life, however sad the circumstances of the particular human lot, is worth living and is somehow lived by the Judith Hearnés and the sorry little people of her boarding house on terms not wholly mean. In no other sense is this a cheerful or even a hopeful novel. In the end, confined to a sort of rest-home for derelicts, Mr. Moore's heroine drags herself up again to ground

level from the pit into which she has fallen. The pictures of Aunt D'Arcy and of the Sacred Heart, symbols of cohesive belief precariously hung at the beginning of the novel and significantly turned to the wall during the crisis of disintegration which is the action of the story, are now resurrected. Belief can no longer reach beyond the configurations of these pictures to lodgement in social or religious creeds; but rehung they must be, in the rest-home, because the impulse for survival is strong and survival without belief of some sort is impossible. The pictures themselves are the new reality. "When they're with me," says Judith Hearnés, "watching over me, a new place becomes home." We are not told whether that "home" will mean another boarding house and a return to the dreary and perilous frustrations of her former life, or sanctuary in the rest-home, where security is purchased at a high price and life is likely to be lived out as it is lived out by Edie, Judith's friend, who exists in an adjoining room without dignity and in a state of constant longing for the visit of a friend with a healing drop of gin. These seem to be the alternatives, and in neither case is the prospect bright.

All this could be done badly from ignorance or insensitivity in the craft of fiction, but it is not. Mr. Moore can create a firm sense of place and social setting, he knows how to manipulate symbols without making the counters click, and he proves himself adept at working his characters from within and allowing their experiences and states of mind to dominate the unfolding of his fiction. Point of view he aligns chiefly with Judith Hearne, a sufficiently obvious means of achieving the concentration proper to effects of tragedy; but the deviations which provide for other points of view (particularly, in the first section, that of the expatriate Irishman who is Judith Hearne's last hope), the montage sequences of character monologues which are angle shots of the heroine at moments of crisis, and the final cutting back of multiple viewpoint in order to place Judith downstage centre for the concluding scenes of the novel all speak of subtlety and good technical control of the medium. The whole, both matter and method, makes a strong compound. *Judith Hearne* is more than a first novel of promise; it is a novel of substantial fulfilment.

ROBERT MACDOUGALL

Correspondence

The Editor:

I am sure there are many who share my regret that you chose to publish the article entitled "Mr. Irving's Mis-carriage" by Dennis H. Wrong in your June issue. The objection is not, of course, that Mr. Wrong differs from Professor Irving in his interpretation of Freud, but that he does so in such ill-mannered and abusive terms.

It is difficult to account for the malicious spirit that animates this article. It may be that Mr. Wrong's aggressive and hostile drives were aroused by the implied denial of his own preconceived theory which holds that the ideas have little power in influencing the course of social movements and which prefers to explain historical developments as determined by the operation of irrational forces. This theory, of course, is itself part and parcel of the irrationalist position which agrees with Freud that the ego (reason) is the "poor creature" and "submissive slave" of the id (*The Ego and the Id*, pp. 82-3). I suppose it is too much to expect cool and sober reasoning, or even common courtesy, from those who accept Freud's view that "Men are so slightly amenable to reasonable argument, so completely are they ruled by their instinctual wishes" (*The Future of an Illusion*, p. 81).

Mr. Wrong fails to distinguish between Freud's analysis of human nature in thoroughly irrationalist terms, and his

recommendations for the reformation of the psyche by means of the rehabilitation of reason. The difficulty is that his analysis offers no grounds whatever for the hope that such a transformation can be achieved. Freud was realistic enough to see that his expectations might turn out to be illusions and, if so, he was "ready... to return to the earlier... judgment: man is a creature of weak intelligence who is governed by his instinctual wishes" (*op. cit.*, pp. 83-4). We should then be faced, according to Freud, with "the necessity for... the most rigorous suppression of these dangerous masses and the most careful exclusion of all opportunities for mental awakening... It is impossible to do without government of the masses by a minority... who should be independent of the masses by having at their disposal means of enforcing their authority... and one may be appalled at the stupendous amount of force that will be unavoidable if these intentions are to be carried out" (*op. cit.*, pp. 69, 12-14).

Is it a "monumental distortion" to point out that these words are paralleled in many passages in *Mein Kampf*? This is not to hold Freud responsible for Nazi barbarism which was the result of a complicated host of causal factors; it is merely to suggest that Freud helped to create an atmosphere that was favourable to the rise of such a movement.

D. R. G. Owen, Trinity College, Toronto.

Dennis H. Wrong writes:

Mr. Owen is evidently unable to distinguish between personal abuse and straightforward criticism of a man's ideas. Only the former would justify his charge of "malice" and "lack of common courtesy." At no point in my article did I more than attempt to expose the hollowness of Mr. Irving's argument, citing as much evidence as space limitations permitted. It is precisely the ubiquity of these tongue-clucking responses to any blunt criticism of ideas that accounts for the low estate of Canadian intellectual culture. If Mr. Owen thinks I was harsh in calling a spade a spade—or an intellectual miscarriage an intellectual miscarriage—he ought to examine the polemics published regularly in the best English and American journals of opinion. And when it comes to being unmannerly, I hope I never find myself resorting to Mr. Owen's vulgar and hackneyed *ad hominem* tactic of pretending to "psychoanalyze" an author's motives for taking strong exception to an opinion he cherishes.

Moreover, Mr. Owen is far wide of the mark in attributing to me the theory that "ideas have little power in influencing the course of social movements, etc." It is he who is guilty of preconceptions, for I advanced no such theory anywhere in the article. All I said was that intellectuals "often exaggerate the power of ideas," a statement that in no way denies some, or even a great deal, of power to ideas. What ideas influence which social movements or state regimes is, of course, another question, and it was Mr. Irving's wild notion that Freud was an ideological father of Nazism that drew my fire.

Nor are Mr. Owen's quotes from Freud very relevant. Of course Freud regarded man as a weak, irrational creature. My point was that he never glorified the irrational by viewing it as superior to man's rational faculties, nor did he counsel willing submission to it, nor did he employ anything but a rational method in seeking to understand it. The term "irrationalist" is usually applied to philosophers like Nietzsche, Bergson, and most religious thinkers who adopt one or more of these three positions, as did the Nazis on a lower plane when they encouraged men to ignore the "still, small voice" of the intellect and surrender to the tribal emotions and blind leader-worship. On the other hand, a long line of thinkers from Plato to Freud have held that

mankind (with the exception sometimes of philosophers) is a slave to impulse and appetite most of the time, but that reason is the source of all truth and virtue. It is not I but Messrs. Owen and Irving who confuse these two positions when they liken Freud's ruthless honesty about human limitations to the Nazi *Weltanschauung*.

As for the last of Mr. Owen's odd pastiche of strung-together quotations, it expresses a mood of despair felt by most great thinkers and, indeed, by most sensitive men at some point in their lives. I am writing from a summer cottage where I lack access to a library, but similar statements could easily be culled not only from *Mein Kampf* but from the writings of most leading political philosophers, including the theorists of democracy (James Madison, to name but one). Mr. Owen himself makes it clear that Freud's argument was conditional on the ultimate failure of reason, which Hitler's "arguments" for dictatorial government certainly were not.

Finally, if Freud's insistence on man's unreason helped "to create an atmosphere favorable to" the triumph of the Nazis, one might with equal justice argue that the insistence of Christians on man's sinfulness "creates an atmosphere" conducive to sinning. Perhaps both claims have a limited truth in them, but if Mr. Irving had written an article asserting the latter it would have aroused, I suspect, rather stronger indignation in many quarters than his animadversions on Freud aroused in me.

THE EDITOR:

Let us think of serious things for a while.

All together: people are starving to death in China;

The world is going to hell with a charming smile,

Thinking of sex and money; what could be finer

Than thoughts like that? Nobody knows what they want

For longer than it takes to get what they want...

In other words anticipation never comes true,

Except possibly, maybe, perhaps, for me and you.

Most people lie all day long and know they're lying.

And that sizzling sound is their conscience greasily frying.

Well, what about standards? Well, what about standards?

For instance, Shakespeare: everybody says he's great.

Most people never read Shakespeare if they speak with candor;

But nevertheless admit on being asked the man is great,

As are Beethoven, Mozart, Goethe, et cetera.

(Y'betcha boy, them fellas is hard to beat.)

Let's you and I be cultural missionaries

And stuff the people's throats with food they should eat.

And if they don't eat what we tell 'em, the bourgeois swine,

We'll fill their ears with words and never leave them alone.

For after all we're right, and isn't it great to be right?

Does being right consist of having a majority,

Like sexual thoughts at a girl's sorority?

Obviously not. Well, in being more articulate,

And in convincing your fellow man he's ridiculous?

Make him feel uncomfortable and inferior,

Being quite sure you're much superior.

He may improve, but very likely instead,

(And most unfairly too) he'll shoot you dead.

Of course architecture, morals, poetry and religion are all wrong.

Press here... does it hurt?... well, that's to be expected.

We'll have you right in a jiffy; not half so long

As you'd take to cure yourself with cheap disinfectant.

Poor fellow! He tried to gulp the world and couldn't swallow.

He's got an enormous bellyache.

It's Bright's Disease. Cancer? Maybe. How about Yellow

Jaundice? What remedy should he take?

One of the difficulties is in knowing who's curing who,
Because the job of curing somebody else may be therapy
for you,

And after one of you is cured what does the other one do?

The basic question is: what the hell am I doing here?

Or accept your existence here and make it bearable

For yourself by making it unbearable for somebody there.

In any event, isn't it terrible? *Alfred W. Purdy*

Books Reviewed

THE PERMANENT PURGE: Zibgniew K. Brzezinski;
(Harvard University Press) S.J. Reginald Saunders;
\$6.50.

Mr. Brzezinski, a young scholar in the Soviet field, has written a concise and well documented study of a permanent Soviet institution — the political purge. He analyzes it as a technique of government and shows that however violent it has been in the past and however sophisticated it may have become, it is a necessity for the Soviet regime which it cannot afford to abolish.

The author draws our attention to the fact that the purge is not a weapon for the attainment of power but for its consolidation. He describes its evolution as a technique from the mass terror of the 1930's when Stalin used it to wipe out all potential rivals, to the consolidating purges of the immediate post-war years and finally to the purges connected with the struggle for his succession. Mass purges are no longer necessary, the author concludes, because the party and the government systems have become so unified that all except the closest associates of the rivals for leadership are now unaffected in a struggle for power. Mr. Brzezinski has small comfort for those who still believe in the possibilities of an internal revolt or damaging conflict at the summit. The evolution of the Soviet system, he says "makes the prospect of an internal revolution or disruptive conflict for power unlikely; it makes the purge an effective mechanism of power transition which does not puncture the monolithic unity of the political system" (p.166). This has been especially apparent since the death of Stalin, in the liquidation of Beria and the fall of Malenkov and Molotov. Only the top henchmen of Beria were liquidated while Malenkov was not killed after his fall from the post of successor of Stalin in Feb. 1955. Nor has Molotov lost his freedom or his head for his part in the breaking-off of Soviet-Yugoslav relations. Similarly, though many top officials in the satellite countries have recently lost their posts, this has not resulted in a widespread purge. The reason is that the purge has become sophisticated and unobtrusive—except on those occasions when the death of some public figure is calculated to terrorize potential opposition or provide a safety-valve for the pent-up resentment of the masses.

Khrushchev's amazing statement—printed in the New York Times of June 5th 1956—reveals at last conclusively that the purges of the 1930's were part of Stalin's struggle for absolute power and not against any real "plots" or "intrigues"—a fact emphasized and illustrated by Mr. Brzezinski. It is similarly most likely that the Khrushchev statement was part of a hidden struggle for power within the Kremlin. This is brought out by the slight mention of the personality cult made by Khrushchev in his opening speech at the 20th Congress of the CPSU as against the violent attacks made on Stalin by Mikoyan and Suslov. Khrushchev was, of course, deeply implicated in the purge—it was he who replaced the Kossior he so laments as Secretary of the Ukrainian Communist Party on Jan. 29th, 1938. It is more than likely that his comrades tried to implicate him with

Stalin's crimes and that he, in reply, hastily drew up an even bolder statement — which, however, has so far remained unpublished in the USSR. His haste is emphasized by the protest of the French Communist Party which complained that it had not been informed of the move beforehand, and by the effect the revelation has had on loyal Communists everywhere. At present, a close study of the top state and party hierarchy in the Soviet Union, and particularly in the Republics, can be an indication of any top-level purges and the men whose rise and fall they affect.

Mr. Brzezinski's book is a most interesting and scholarly work. It is abundantly documented with facts and statistics. One of his analyses has since the publication of the book received a different light from the Khrushchev statement. Mr. Brzezinski suggested that the addition of new members to the Central Committee after the nineteenth congress in Oct. 1952, marked the efforts of the leading figures to introduce their followers into this body. Khrushchev says, however, that Stalin made this move with the idea of replacing eventually the older members of the Politbureau. The author might, I think, have found place for a footnote to explain that "the Communist Polish Military Attache in Washington, General Modelski" was never a Communist but came to the USA in 1947 with the express plan of helping the US government uncover a Soviet spy-network—an achievement for which he paid with the safety of his own family and the end of a career. It also seems a pity to me that the Russian Research Center should put a list of its publications before the title-page of the book; it would have been in better taste to put it at the end. *The Permanent Purge* is a scholarly and informative work on a leading weapon of the Soviet system; it should be on the reading list of all those interested in the realities—as apart from the illusions of Soviet life. *Anna M. Cienfiala.*

ECONOMICS OF EMPLOYMENT AND UNEMPLOYMENT: Paul H. Casselman; Public Affairs Press; pp. 183, viii; \$3.25 (U.S.A.).

The task essayed in this book is an imposing one. It is no less than the statement of the basic causes of employment instability and unemployment, and the means by which these may be reduced. Most, but by no means all, of the work refers to the experience of Canada and the United States.

The author has approached his task on a broad front. He has given particular emphasis to the practical aspects of the problem, and especially to the often neglected extra-economic considerations. After discussing the concept of full employment, he proceeds to give a long list of factors governing employment. Most of the book consists of a systematic examination of these factors, and what can be done to alleviate their impact, as they apply to seasonal variations in employment; to the business cycle; to structural, frictional, technological, casual and personal unemployment; and to part-time employment and under-employment.

The result is somewhat uneven. In attempting to cover all aspects of the problem in a short work, the author has treated some of them superficially. The style is more descriptive than analytical, and often leaves issues unresolved. The author is at his best where, drawing on his experience as a labor economist, he deals with the many non-cyclical factors in unemployment. The multiplicity of factors which lead to unemployment, and the variety of measures required to deal with this, are well brought out. His chapter on the business cycle (surely a major cause of unemployment!) is so over simplified as to be misleading at times. Many economists would disagree, for example, with the blunt statement that both major and minor cycles "are the same in fundamental behavior" (p. 90). The chapter on economic forecasting also rarely comes to grips with the issues involved.

A. E. Safarian

THE ADMINISTRATION OF HEALTH INSURANCE
IN CANADA; Malcolm G. Taylor; Oxford; pp. 270;
\$5.00.

The field of health insurance or, as some would prefer to call it, the provision of a program of health services, is extremely complex. There are constitutional, political, economic, social, professional and administrative aspects, issues and complexities involved.

Prof. Malcolm Taylor has written on the last of this set of issues and complexities in the list above. There are few Canadians concerned with health insurance in Canada with Dr. Taylor's knowledge and experience. If there are persons better or equally qualified they are probably in the employ of insurance companies or the voluntary health plans and are not likely to put their views in print. In fact, it is highly unlikely that anyone else in Canada has collected so much information on the administrative problems and issues and certainly no one before has published such material in comparable detail.

The present book is not, however, the book that will meet the demand of many Canadians for a clear exposition of the issues involved in providing all or most Canadians with an extensive range of health services over the next decade or two. It is primarily a book for the few specialists in health insurance. And while it might be argued that all of us should be interested in such matters as the problems involved in setting premiums and determining benefits, it is probable that most of us realize that the accumulated experience of large groups determines these matters. We will leave them gladly to the administrators if only the doctor would come when we phone and if we could be sure that a hospital bed will be available when we need one.

This reviewer found the first half of the book (chapters I-V) rather tough sledding. There are masses of detail, more than thirty tables (some quite confusing even to a teacher of research and statistical methods) and a few quite unintelligible sentences or paragraphs. For example, no satisfactory explanation is given for the confusing figures in Table 26 (p. 128); Table 19 (p. 112) has three footnotes with only two in the body of the text. And what excuse can there be for a paragraph like the following (p. 86):

"The distinction between maximum days of care 'for each unrelated illness' and maximum days of care 'per benefit year' is of importance, for a patient may be hospitalized more than once during the year. The rule applied by Blue Cross is that discharge and re-admission for 'unrelated illnesses' must be separated by a period of not less than three months, or the second period of stay will be considered a continuation of the original admission in computing total benefit days available. Even with this interpretation, the granting of benefit days in relation to admission gives the patient more available benefit days than when the same or even a slightly larger number of days per year are granted, unless, of course, as in the Saskatchewan and British Columbia plans the patients are entitled to 365 benefit days of care per year."

Prof. Taylor can write very well when he lets himself express his own views in his own way and this he does in the second half of the book, particularly in chapters VI-VIII on premiums, methods of payment and the problem of controls. In the matter of controls the author describes the reason for abuses, the nature of abuses, the methods of control—all in the most frank and open manner with no punches pulled whether the offender be the patient, the hospital administrator or the private physician. He goes on to discuss the difficult question of non-medical representation and participation on the boards of directors of the existing health plans.

It is inevitable, of course, that a discussion of the issues in administration will touch upon some of the other issues—particularly the economic, social and professional problems. When he is forced into a discussion of certain questions of prime interest to the members of the health professions, Dr. Taylor is extremely careful to ride the fence although he is quite frank about the prejudices involved with respect to alternative solutions. As well, he stays away, as best he can, from such issues as the public versus the private approach to the provision of health insurance, and the governmental versus the voluntary plans. The administrative problems and some of the advantages and disadvantages are clearly explained but the author has no desire or need to plump for any particular approach.

This reviewer understands that Prof. Taylor intends to publish as his next book, an exposition of the issues involved in the provision of health services. It might be suggested to him that he write, this time, for the layman and that he tell us where he stands as one of the outstanding students in this field in Canada.

Albert Rose

THE SCROLLS FROM THE DEAD SEA: Edmund Wilson; Oxford; pp. 121; \$3.50.

Here is an intriguing fireside book which provides a persuasive introduction to the discovery of the scrolls from the Dead Sea, and to the problems which their appearance creates. In an eminently readable tale, Edmund Wilson describes the Odyssey which befell the first manuscripts found by an Arab boy at 'Ain Feshka in the spring of 1947, the acquisition of part of them by the Syrian Metropolitan Mar Samuel, and their final purchase for Israel. He depicts graphically the personalities of those leading scholars who have been mainly responsible for the elucidation of the growing body of texts which have been found there and in other caves: we can almost commune with Père Roland de Vaux of the Ecole Biblique, E. L. Sukenik, formerly chief archaeologist in the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, Dupont Sommer, Professor of Semitic Languages and Civilizations at the Sorbonne, Dr. David Flusser, a Jewish scholar from Prague, who thought that Christian and Jew alike, indeed all but himself, were "dérangées" in their judgments on the scrolls, and others who have been prominent in these investigations. To this series of cameos Mr. Wilson adds an attractive and lucid account of the Essene monastic order, skilfully using the material furnished by Pliny, Philo, and Josephus concerning them. He describes in detail the monastery of Khirbet Qumran, and proceeds to discuss in a lively manner the tenets of the community which inhabited it, relating them to the inter-testamental literature of the Jews. A chapter is devoted to the question, raised mainly by Dupont Sommer, whether a lineal connection can be traced between the scrolls and the outlook of Jesus, a possibility which Mr. Wilson envisages in graceful words: "The monastery, this structure of stone that endures, between the bitter waters and precipitous cliffs, with its oven and its inkwells, its mill and its cesspool, its constellation of sacred fonts and the unadorned graves of its dead, is perhaps, more than Bethlehem or Nazareth, the cradle of Christianity" (pp. 97-8).

The narrative throughout this book is racy and swift-moving. It artistically combines personalia with historical, religious, and theological discussion, and presents a vivid kaleidoscope of the concentration of interest and erudition upon the Dead Sea discoveries. It is in the main knowledgeable, but admittedly confines itself to a statement of opinions and possible verdicts, disclaiming as a rule dogmatic pronouncement upon any issue. At the same time, however, certain enthusiastic or unguarded dogmatisms appear. It is

unwise to characterize II Maccabees as a "realistic chronicle" (p. 70), because part of this composition is saturated with the miraculous, and part of it shows considerable bias. It is arbitrary to claim that the Zadokite fragments, found in the "genizah," or room for rejected manuscripts, in a Cairo monastery in 1896, and in various respects related to the Dead Sea scrolls, "must derive from the same source and hence date from the same period as those of the Dead Sea monastery" (p. 55). It may be doubted whether "it is obvious that a certain theology not only runs through all (the) group of late apocryphal documents and the literature of the Dead Sea sect, but extends to the New Testament also" (p. 70). At times, factual inaccuracy occurs. On p. 119, reference is made to "the Aramaic of the Book of Daniel in the early third century B.C." If this ascription implies that Daniel was written at that time, it errs, because by general agreement of scholars, Daniel was composed in 165 B.C. The occupancy of the Qumran monastery is described (p. 51) as lasting "from the end of the second century B.C. up to the year 68 A.D.," but on p. 54 as extending "from about the last third of the second pre-Christian century." On occasion, too, the style loses dignity, sacrificing grace to vernacular expressiveness. It is not good or elegant to speak of "the theory nailed down by Dupont Sommer" (p. 67); of "a tie-up with the Dead Sea Scrolls, . . . or with the literature of the Christians" (p. 57); or to say that "the Romans in the end got the Essenes" (p. 52).

These criticisms apart, however, this slender volume offers one an exhilarating adventure. The writer has the enviable gift of historic imagination, by which he can revivify the past, and kindle a zealous interest in the reader as he seeks to reconstruct the theological and spiritual world to which these monks of old — partly Trappist in their vows — dedicated themselves at no little cost. *Robert Dobbie.*

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS: Millar Burrows; Macmillan; pp. 435; \$7.25.

Dr. Millar Burrows, the Winkley Professor of Biblical Theology in Yale University, has already commended himself to the world of Biblical scholarship by his volumes entitled "Palestine is our Business," "An Outline of Biblical Theology," "What mean these Stones?," "The Basis of Israelite Marriage," "Bible Religion," and "Founders of Great Religions," as well as by many learned articles. Now he places all Biblical students more firmly in his debt by a book representing seven years of enthusiastic and discriminating study of the scrolls which have been found successively since 1947 near the Dead Sea.

The book is divided into six parts. The first describes in detail, but with scholarly restraint, the events subsequent to the accidental discovery of scrolls by a Bedouin boy at 'Ain Feshka in 1947, and the hazards which befell the manuscripts, especially as a result of ignorance and incredulity on the part of those who first inspected them. The eleven scrolls found, represent six distinct compositions: (1) the Old Testament book of the Prophet Isaiah, one MS. containing it wholly, another in part; (2) a Commentary on Habakkuk; (3) the Manual of Discipline, which deals with the mode of life of a monastic fraternity; (4) the Aramaic MS. called The Lamech Scroll, which has not been unrolled; (5) the War of the Sons of Light with the Sons of Darkness; (6) a number of Thanksgiving Psalms. Later investigation resulted in the discovery of a monastery at Khirbet Qumran, and an adjoining cemetery, in 1951; and, during 1952, of a group of caves in the wady Murabbat, 10-11 miles south of Khirbet Qumran; as well as the now famous cave 4Q in the wady Qumran. From these investigations, almost all the books of the Old Testament are among the writings identi-

fied, as well as commentaries on the Psalms, Isaiah, and some of the minor prophets, besides apocryphal and apocalyptic works.

The second part of the book discusses the evidence of (1) archaeology and palaeography, and (2) text and language, for the date of the scrolls. The third considers cryptic historic allusions, especially but not exclusively in the Habakkuk Commentary, seeking to identify the persons and events to which reference is made; and analyses the ideas, vocabulary, and literary relations of the various documents, in an endeavour to determine the dates of the composition of the scrolls. The fourth section considers in stimulating detail the community of Qumran — its origin, history, organization, and beliefs; and probes the intriguing question of its identification. Part five attempts to assess the importance of the scrolls in respect of their contribution to textual criticism, historical grammar, and palaeography, and their significance with regard to Judaism and Christianity. The final part provides a translation by Dr. Burrows of the Damascus Document, the Habakkuk Commentary, the Manual of Discipline, and selections from the War of the Sons of Light with the Sons of Darkness, and from the Thanksgiving Psalms.

The volume includes ten excellent plates, of which nine are photographs and one a map. The former relate to items of discovery such as jars in which manuscripts were concealed, excavations at Khirbet Qumran, a column of the Habakkuk commentary, and bronze scrolls which have not yet been unrolled. The map shows the area of investigation. Epigraphic charts of the evolution of certain Hebrew letters are also provided.

This volume is "not intended for the scholar," but is designed to present to an intelligent reader a survey of the evidence supplied by the various scrolls, to describe their contents, and to set in clear perspective the problems of interpretation and identification which they involve. In this aim it succeeds with marked distinction. Beneath the quiet pen of the scholar it is possible to feel the thrill and throb of new, epoch-making discovery. Recondite disciplines such as palaeography become alive and significant for the present as their bearing upon the limitless ramifications of the community of the scrolls is considered. The value of archaeology, not least with regard to pottery, is discussed in relation to relative, if not absolute, dating. Religious and theological terms of many kinds are suggestively connected with their occurrence in apocryphal, pseudigraphic, and New Testament literature. History, within appropriate limits, is ransacked to determine the meaning of concealed allusions. Judaism is re-examined in the light of this new knowledge of a monastic brotherhood, and its religious and theological alignment reconsidered in relation to Gnosticism, Iranian or Persian religion, Ebionitism (a form of early Jewish Christianity), and Christianity. The relationship between the scroll of Isaiah and the traditional or Masoretic text of this book is clearly set forth in contrasting translations. The variants of the newly found manuscript are suggestive, and probably often right. The divergent views of numberless scholars are stated briefly and succinctly, and the rival claims of their arguments considered with detachment and fairness.

The translations by Dr. Burrows are an invaluable part of this volume. Basically the Hebrew of the scrolls is seen in identical terms by all scholars: differences occur mainly concerning words which admit of varying interpretation according to their context. It is interesting here to compare the renderings of Dr. Burrows with those of Dupont Sommer, Brownlee, Rabin, and others. From these MSS. the layman and scholar alike can secure an intriguing picture of the thought world of these early Jewish communities, whose

religious zeal committed them to a severe and exacting mode of life, and obliged them to bear creative witness to their faith, often at the cost of persecution and suffering.

This well-printed and readable book not merely presents an admirable account of the problems posed by the new discoveries, but indicates the possible directions in which answers to these questions may be found. It is completely free from dogmatism, exhibiting rather a refreshing scepticism concerning too apparent identifications and unduly plausible interpretations, uttering various warnings against hasty judgment. It succeeds admirably in crystallizing the perplexity of the scholar who demands incontrovertible proof or indubitable logic before he ventures upon a verdict, and it presents in exhilarating manner the wealth of Biblical scholarship which can bring so many rich endowments to bear upon the subject of its enquiry. It combines scholarly caution with theological insight, not least for instance in its affirmation that the current discoveries make no difference to the fundamental presuppositions or the essential character of the Gospel.

Perhaps the most convincing proof of the success of Dr. Burrows' book is the stimulus it provides to investigate the problems he raises, and to ponder the entire spiritual domain of the inter-testamental period, which was significantly formative of the thought-world of the New Testament.

Robert Dobbie.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE: L. Cazamian; Oxford; pp. xiv, 464; \$4.50.

This book was written by the well-known French authority on English Literature at the request of the publisher, who no doubt felt that a cultivated Frenchman, who was a specialist in English and at the same time familiar with the literature of his own country, would be an ideal person to present that literature to English readers, as being conversant with English prejudices and also in a position to stress the give-and-take between the two cultures. The result is another excellent handbook on the subject in a rather overstocked market, but one can hardly say that Professor Cazamian has taken full advantage of his privileged position. There are, indeed, more cross-references between the two literatures than occur in most such treatises but they are mostly of a conventional and unilluminating order. The author apologizes "for writing in a language not my own." If unadulterated success could ever crown such a venture, Professor Cazamian would be the man to achieve it, for his mastery of English is remarkable. But stern truth compels one to report that even he often finds himself ill at ease; a sentence beats about the bush, a word chosen just misses the bull's-eye by a hair's-breadth. Of course this is inevitable, but perhaps worth pointing out to those people who think that languages are like suits of clothes and that, if you are a competent linguist, you appear today in one, tomorrow in another, and always to equally good effect.

Professor Cazamian has not solved ideally the problem of proportion that always besets the writer of such a manual. He has perhaps tried to include too many secondary writers and not given sufficient space to the great figures. But his book has its strong points. The main text is—in the best French tradition—reserved for critical analysis and appraisal, dates of publication and biographical material being relegated for the most part to foot-notes. Finally—and this too is in the best French tradition—the various details of the history are tied together into a unity of design by a philosophic or critical theory that runs through the book, namely, that a tension between Romantic expansiveness and Classical restraint, far from being peculiar to one moment in French literature, can be traced throughout the whole historic course of that literature. Professor Cazamian lacks elbow-room for

complete demonstration of this theory, but its presence gives an intellectual plot to his book which lifts it above the level of the ordinary manual addressed to students cramming for an examination.

A. F. B. Clark

THE HERO IN ECLIPSE IN VICTORIAN FICTION: Mario Praz; Oxford; pp. 478; \$9.00.

The title of this book is rather misleading, since it suggests a much narrower scope and a more tightly limited thesis than the author actually undertakes. The real thesis is in fact a broad one: the supplanting of Romanticism by bourgeois Victorianism. The anti-heroic provides one aspect of the process, but it is by no means the sole aspect dealt with, nor the one of chief interest. As a matter of fact, the chief interest of the whole work does not proceed from its thesis at all, and the reader is likely to be happiest at those moments when Professor Praz has forgotten what he is trying to prove—fortunately these moments occupy most of the work. When he occupies himself with his main argument, the author tends to keep staggering the reader brought up in the usual traditions of English literary criticism, although those who have read his earlier work, *The Romantic Agony*, will recover their bearings fairly rapidly. To find Chaucer firmly classified as bourgeois, and Defoe and Fielding treated as belonging to a single literary tradition, and to learn that Coleridge and Wordsworth were only momentarily Romantics, the "true soul" of Wordsworth being a bourgeois soul, is startling to the common reader, until he learns how narrow a definition Professor Praz gives to Romanticism, and how broad a one to bourgeois (or, as he terms it, Biedermeier.) Biedermeier includes the sentimental, the moral, the realistic, the natural, the domestic, the unheroic; it exhibits an interest in the details of nature, both physical and psychological. The Romantic is limited to the Romantic Agony, to rebellion, blasphemy, the heroic and the ideal. Apart from Byron and Shelley, English Romanticism apparently does not exist, and in Part I the author rapidly disposes of a large group of pretenders: Coleridge and Wordsworth, Scott, Lamb, DeQuincey, Peacock, and Macaulay. In Part II he illustrates the triumph of Biedermeier in a study of four novelists: Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, and Eliot. It is particularly in Part II that he tends to get interested in his authors and forget about his thesis, and produces a series of really brilliant and stimulating essays. His sections on Dickens' description of London, on Thackeray's art-criticism, on comparisons of George Eliot and Wordsworth, Gray, Hawthorne and Dickens are especially fine examples of his unusual skill in selecting quotations and of his originality. He makes a superb finish by adding as appendices two essays, one on Coventry Patmore's 'The Angel in the House', the other on 'Rome and the Victorians', the first a close and imaginative study of the style and imagery, the second a graceful and clever *exposé* of the English Victorian author as bourgeois tourist, an *exposé* given point by an abrupt shift at the start from Addison's *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy* to the Victorians who 'plunge, kicking and protesting, into the atmosphere of Rome.' The book is splendidly produced, and is lavishly illustrated with reproductions of paintings; these are meant to illustrate parallel tendencies in the graphic arts. The parallel is often dubious, but the reproductions are good and please the eye.

F. E. L. P.

CURIOUS ANNALS: NEW DOCUMENTS RELATING TO BROWNING'S ROMAN MURDER STORY: Beatrice Corrigan; University of Toronto Press; pp. 1 + 142; \$5.00.

In 1940 Professor Corrigan discovered that the public library in Cortona contained a hitherto unnoticed volume of

documents, some printed, some in manuscript, dealing with the seventeenth-century murder story which forms the narrative theme of Browning's *The Ring and the Book*. The Cortona volume is, in fact, a good deal like the famous Old Yellow Book, picked up by Browning casually on a book stall in Florence, which formed the primary source for his poem. But the recently found volume is a great deal larger, and contains not only material found in the Old Yellow Book, but a longer version of Browning's other source (the "Secondary Source" sent him by Mrs. Baker), and — most important of all — a great many new documents. The main part of this book consists of Miss Corrigan's translation of these last; her admirable fifty-page introduction describes fully the contents of the Cortona volume, briefly and skilfully relates the documents to the narrative of events, and discusses very judiciously the significance of the new light thrown by the material. As she points out, although these records are primarily important because of Browning's great poem, they bear no direct relation to it, since they were not known to the poet and are consequently not sources, but analogues. Nevertheless, Browning has interested us not only in his creations but in their historic prototypes, and through his use of them has given them "an importance which was never theirs while they were alive." This is perfectly true, quite apart from the question so often raised by earlier Browning critics of his fidelity to 'historic fact'; and it is one of Professor Corrigan's virtues that she deals firmly and very tactfully and sensibly with this question. The characters and the circumstances of the murder story as presented in these documents are intensely interesting: the account of Franceschini's preparation for death and execution is filled with psychological complexities and overtones, and particularly justifies the author's claim that her work reveals much of the customs and psychology of the Seicento. As a final note of commendation it might be observed that the translation from the Latin and Italian originals is so smooth that the reader is seldom aware of it.

F. E. L. P.

POPE JACYNTH and MORE SUPERNATURAL TALES:
Vernon Lee; Copp Clark; pp. 208; \$3.00.

Vernon Lee (Viola Paget, 1856-1935, a distinguished student of Italian art and literature), has no particular gift for the supernatural as such. Almost without exception, the most impressive literary ghost-stories deal with perversions of the power of the imagination to create life in the place of death—"Oh, who sits weeping upon my grave And will not let me sleep?" complains a typical victim of the living, and Cathy weeps at the window to which Heathcliff has dragged her. The compulsive interplay between the quick and the dead is the theme of one of these stories, but it is crudely handled and the climax falls flat. Three others, uncertainly balanced between charm and whimsy, are concocted saints' legends, another is a conventionally constructed ghost-story, in a sixth a reborn pagan goddess erupts into the life of a German artist with catastrophic results (enacted on a conveniently-placed sacrificial altar). The remaining piece, probably the strongest in the book, is not a story at all, but an essay on "Ravenna and her ghosts". Here the spectres as it were float up out of the landscape, whose evocation—indeed, materialization before the reader—is her particular gift, applied especially to the landscape of Italy where most of the stories are set. In rendering that she shows an extraordinary power and great versatility—the places she observes pass through different lights and seasons, are at one moment full of people and at another quite desolate, but at all times overpower the reader with their own quality. As a story-teller she exploits this gift, so that her people and spirits are partly embodiments of their settings; but as soon as her attention shifts to them as personalities,

her hold slackens. She is not really interested in personality except as an aura surrounding a figure of legendary dimensions: the ghost of Theodoric she marches briefly through Ravenna is far more compelling than any of her "real" people.

The most genuinely macabre passage in the book is the description, too long to quote, of the church in the Ravenna marshes where once the harbour was. To Vernon Lee the landscape here and everywhere is a human presence that includes both the dead and the living: hence the effort to bring back the dead has no meaning for her, as they exist in the continuing life of the scene, and the old myths as a part of "nature" are bound continually to be re-enacted. The past has its place in the present scene, partly as a secret life within it that can be sensed but hardly described, but partly also as having gone to make up its material body. She says of the ancient churches of Ravenna: "Those pillared basilicas, which look like modern village churches from the street, affect one with their almost Moorish arches, their enamelled splendor of ultra-marine, russet, sea-green and gold mosaics, their lily fields and peacocks' tails in mosque-like domes, as great stranded hulks, come floating across Eastern seas and drifted ashore among the marsh and rice-field." In Vernon Lee's prose as in the life of the city, such things share with us in a common present: this she achieves not by supernatural means but by a humanizing view of the material and "natural."

J. M.

WORLDS APART: Norman Williams; Copp Clark; pp. 203; \$3.00.

The title of this group of one-act plays presumably derives from the fact that the settings are indeed worlds apart. China, Japan, the Riviera, the Negro section of America, the Swiss Alps and Macedonia 336 B.C. provide the varied locales. Several of these plays have won awards at the Annual Playwriting Competition of the Workshop of the Ottawa Little Theatre, and Mr. Williams continues to win honors with them.

All six plays contain clear-cut characters, an uncomplicated but definite plot, amusing dialogue which is never superfluous—in short, they provide ample scope for actors to do a good job and to enjoy themselves. None of the plays is esoteric or adventuresome in the sense of setting special problems of production or requiring hard work on the part of the audience or reader.

For me, the most interesting is *Night of Storm*, perhaps for the very reason that the character of the boy Alexander, to become the Great, is slightly more complex than Mr. Williams' characters usually are. The least successful, I feel, is *The Mountain* which is given over to the platitudinous appraisal of some Hollywood types, with the too obvious caricature of one Alan Graham as an egocentric, insensible vulgar American movie idol.

In a *Battle of Wits* Mr. William has succumbed to what must come as a temptation at least once to all young playwrights: that is, to do a "Chinese play" using the traditional empty stage and ringing the changes on the actions of the omnipresent Property Man. This does not prevent the piece from being a thoroughly delightful little play, delicately handled, which should be a joy to actors and audience alike.

Protest uses a Japanese setting, year 1900, in which a young daughter is torn between her stern, traditional Japanese upbringing and the new American ideas which are penetrating her country. Many of the incidents will be recognizable as arising in that most gentle yet fascinating of autobiographies "A Daughter of the Samurai" by Etsu Sugimoto, which may well have inspired Mr. Williams to write this play. He handles the theme well, and manages to

convey in the short space of one act the tragedy to the individual of a dynamic overbearing culture on a static age-old way of life.

Probably the most satisfactory play for both actors and audience is the *King Decides*. The King is an almost penniless exile, living on the Riviera; the Princess is in love with a pleasing presumably penniless bank clerk who climbs up the balcony for assignments with her. The titular decision which the king must make is whether to resume his throne at the request of the Prime Minister of the country which had overthrown it some years back, to return to what he calls a dying world, or to remain a penniless expatriate. His final reason for choosing the latter course is his daughter. His choice is the happier when the bank clerk reveals himself as far from penniless (and not a bank clerk). Shaw would have approved.

As Mr. Herbert Whittaker says in his Preface, Norman Williams' style has not yet set in one pattern. At the moment he is experimenting with tried and true forms, very successfully. We hope he will find a style, or styles of his own, for we very much need playwrights (and I do not mean just in Canada) who can write as well and as enjoyably as Mr. Williams does.

S. Lambert.

THE WHITE MONUMENT: A. Robert Rogers; Ryerson; pp. 13; \$1.00.

SILVER LIGHT: Theresa E. and Don W. Thomson; Ryerson; pp. 13; \$1.00.

TEN NARRATIVE POEMS: Arthur S. Bourinot; privately printed; pp. 32; \$1.00.

Ryerson Chapbook No. 1, appearing in 1925, was *The Sweet O' the Year* by Sir Charles G. D. Roberts. *The White Monument* by A. Robert Rogers, is No. 160. Mr. Rogers lives in Fredericton, near which city Sir Charles was born. But apart from the geographical link, Numbers 1 and 160 have little in common.

Mr. Rogers, who is one of the editors of the poetry magazine *Fiddlehead* (in which some of the work in his small collection has appeared) has an accurate reporter's eye. He also desires

"in the triumph of the mind
to excavate some buried truth
and fling it polished to mankind."

However, most of the truths suggested in *The White Monument* collection have scarcely been excavated, they have been lying around in full view for some time. Of course, perhaps we haven't always noticed them. The crisp "Christmas Cards" is probably the most effective piece in the chapbook, and "Pleasant Bay" builds up a nice mood, with some suspense, through good description (perhaps there is a link with Chapbook No. 1 after all) though unfortunately it doesn't reach the climax we are expecting.

Robert Rogers' poems are straightforward, objective; we do not have the excitement of searching for layers of meaning below the surface symbol. This is also true of the poems by Mr. and Mrs. Thomson and Mr. Bourinot.

In *Silver Light*, Don W. Thomson shows himself another good reporter, in fact one might go further and say his work has the good qualities of a feature journalist. "Tempest", the longest of his four pieces in this miniature husband-and-wife collection, has drama, colour, human interest and "punch." It was the basis of a CBC drama production several years ago and made an effective broadcast. In contrast, six of Theresa Thomson's seven descriptive lyrics (the title poem "Silver Light" is hers) seem tritely sentimental. But she surprises us in the seventh poem (last in the book), a witty little bit of metaphor "Designs for Modern Fabrics" which begins

Their geometric patterns —
angles and triangles,
squares and parallelograms —
are perfect or imperfect,
complete and incomplete
as messages in telegrams.

Arthur S. Bourinot's *Ten Narrative Poems* is a reprint of work, some of it out of print and all appearing for the first time as a group. Bourinot is at his best in some of his narrative verse, where his spare lines and simple language add up to a cumulative effect that is sometimes unexpectedly moving. "Tom Thomson" has a cold, fey mood in keeping with the artist's painting. "The Death of Horned Owl" has a blunt, folk-tale quality that especially in the final stanza is very effective. "Paul Bunyan" combines atmosphere and fable. Bunyan

whistled in the dark
like a far off train
blowing for a crossing

and the plodding grunts of Babe, the blue ox, coming behind,
neatly suggest the sound of the cars. Anne Marriott

THE MYTH OF SISYPHUS: Albert Camus; translated by Justin O'Brien; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 212; \$4.00.

In "Return to Tipasa," one of four short meditations on his native Mediterranean included in this volume, M. Camus, having described his surrender, like a fruit before the sun's rays, to the silent landscape of sea, hill and sky, reflects:

"I have again left Tipasa; I have returned to Europe and its struggles. But the memory of that day still uplifts me and helps me to welcome equally what delights and what crushes. In the difficult hour we are living, what else can I desire than to exclude nothing and to learn how to braid with white thread and black thread a single cord stretched to the breaking-point?"

It is in such remarks that one finds the essence of M. Camus' philosophy, more than in his epigrammatic argument for "l'absurde," more even than in his interpretation of the myth of Sisyphus to suit his conclusions. For the kind of integrity in which he asserts his faith, that ability to remain "on the dizzying crest" between recognition of the meaninglessness of life and the resolution not to abandon it (i.e. commit suicide—or take communion), is not really a metaphysical position at all, but a repudiation of metaphysics, as in the existentialism of the schools. But, for Camus, that moment of complete lucidity and, paradoxically, freedom which he attributes to Sisyphus at the moment when the condemned is about to descend the slope to push his rock again, is inseparably connected with the intense sensations of that landscape which confronts and engages Europe. The author is himself an "Outsider."

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NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN

Perhaps it is this sense of a life "according to nature" (see "Helen's Exile") which informs the main doctrine of this book with a fine compassion, a "lucid love" of the human condition. We have, then, the paradox of a dogmatic argument put forward by a man of sensibility, and the result is a book almost as rich in inflexions as Montaigne's *Apology*.

Millar MacLure

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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REVOLT IN POZNAN AND THE THAW

(Continued from front page)

Whether these events would deflect the main trend of the thaw in Poland is hard to predict, but one thing is clear: the thaw started in Moscow and, if it is to end, the signs of a change would be seen there. It is also there that the fate of the alleged conflict between Ochab and a more "liberal" faction represented by Premier Cyrankiewicz will be decided upon. At present, the consequences of the revolt appear to be threefold: ruthless repression of the Poznan workers, including execution of "everybody caught with arms," a purge among the ranks of Party and trade union officials, and a certain easing of economic conditions. The harbinger of economic reforms came in the form of repayment of some taxes, ostensibly "illegally" collected from the ZiSPo workers in the last two years. The emphasis on illegality is characteristic. Together with the official criticism of "bureaucratic deviations" it augurs the coming purge in the Party.

"Everyone who raises his hand against the people may be sure it will be chopped off in the interest of the working class", said Premier Cyrankiewicz. In other words any uprising against the People's Government would be ruthlessly crushed. Yet his "newspeak" jargon had also revealed what he did not want to say. It was reported later that two ministers had

been dismissed and that several high Party officials had been purged in Poznan—an indirect avowal that it was they who "raised their hands against the people." They were caught in what could best be termed the scissors of *hyper-accountability*.

How does hyper-accountability work? Equilibrium in a Communist State is maintained by a threat of purge of officials and terror and misery of the masses. While both the threat and terror decreased with the thaw, the pressure of economic factors on the workers increased and led them to a counter-attack on local Party bosses, who, following the rules of hyper-accountability have to be punished by the Party (closing the scissors) because they did not exercise enough terror to prevent the riots (or because their previous policy had been so clumsy as to necessitate shooting at the rioters).

Hyper-accountability is a means through which equilibrium is adjusted. Its effects were acutely felt during the Stalinist era and it remained latent afterwards, particularly on the managerial level of the Communist industrial structure. An emergency like that of Poznan put it in the limelight.

Consider how the news of the revolt spread. It was brought by foreign visitors attending an international fair. Theirs was an important role: without their testimony the news would have been delayed and would not have been publicised so widely. In the last few months there have been in Poland a number of lesser anti-Communist riots; yet details never penetrated the Curtain. This time foreign visitors acted for a people who have no one through whom to appeal. As Wazyk wrote,

On this earth we appeal on behalf of people
who are exhausted from work,
we appeal for locks that fit the door,
for rooms with windows,
for walls which do not rot,
for contempt for papers,
for a holy human time,
for a safe return home,
for a simple distinction between words
and deeds

We appeal for this on the earth,
for which we did not gamble with dice,
for which a million people died in battles,
we appeal for bright truth and the corn
of freedom,
for a flaming reason,
for a flaming reason,
we appeal daily,
we appeal through our Party.

W. J. STANKIEWICZ

